

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Economic  
Outlook '79

# Maclean's

August 6, 1979

\$1.50



Playing  
with winter





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**MANUSCRIPT ACCEPTED FOR PUBLICATION**

# Maclean's

JANUARY 8, 1979

VOL. 92 NO. 2

### Morrey's fight Art's a victim

With a shortage of prices free-spending paper and rubber bands, Canadians hesitated to look to the government for their parents of the 20s. Now, however, the public purse is slowly closing. **Page 4**

**Rollin' started  
for the fast**

“Flying wheels” is the age-old lean dream and more and more people are slipping fast to the fast. Sure they roller-disco in New York, but in Thursday they roller-skate very nicely also. **Page 38**

## COVER STORY

### Playing with winter

### Return of the torch and the flesh

Driven by a curse and charged with turning one leader's house five members of a radical Doukhopole sect were convicted of arson last week and took off their clothes in court to protest. **Page 12**

## Art in part for the marketplace's sake

In the current deluge of Canadian art books, you can't judge what's good by the glitz of the cover or the gloss of the plates. Or, as it happens, by the deceptively padded price tag in dollars.

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# Money's tight: art's a victim

John Leach used to be a portrait painter. Now he's an animated filmmaker. The reason, quite simply, is money. "If Leonardo were alive today," says Leach, "he'd be making movies. Film can be a money-making medium—but when was the last time anyone spent \$275 to see a sculpture, aside from, say, King Tut's treasures or other works by artists long dead and in no need of praise or patronage?" "You've got to have public money as a stimulus for the arts," declares Leach. "Of course you get some funds. But one Leonardo is worth a hundred duds."

With a dearth of prizes, free-spending popes and robber barons (time-honored moneymakers of culture), government event has been the Canadian patron of the arts—and a very hesitant one until the past 20 years. Now even the brief renaissance of the past two decades seems to be over. In a time of tight money and tight minds, the federal government has backed away and pulled out the purse strings, cutting funds to the Canadian Council, the National Museum and the CBC and (as of April) is completely eliminating funds for the department of public works' controversial fine art program, whereby one per cent of the construction costs for federal buildings goes to the public was spent on nonutilitarian art. Started in 1964, the program was meant to enrich the environment—a piece of art for a post office in Paradise, Newfoundland, a small hospital in the Yukon, a high school in Inuvik, or the town hall in Chatham, Manitoba—and during 14 years, it distributed a total of \$3.67 million worth to more than 100 towns and cities across Canada. Its demise has angered and demoralized the arts community. So much for the One-Per-Cent Solution which brought art to the people and paycheques to the artists.

Thirty projects too far under way to



stop are being honored by the government—for example, Murray Parro's *Deathchaper*, a flying machine with a 15-foot wingspan, constructed in a whirlwind six months and, in November, hung under the lofty skylight of the Transport Canada Training Institute in Cornwall, Ontario. Jerry Grey's huge mural of Canadian faces, *The Great Canadian Equinox*, just installed in Ottawa's cruise building; and David Gilbody's seemingly effete wall recently pulled together from several dozen resource books, bagels and rye loaves for Calgary's federal government building. But the government was in such a hurry to end the program that in September it withdrew part-way through a competition for two new sculpture commissions for Calgary worth \$50,000. The outcome stirred up excitement as the first competition open to all resident Canadian artists, not just the jury-chosen few. Over 130 applications flooded in, ranging from the international elite, such as Rosko Elson and Michael Hayden, to relative unknowns, eager for a chance at the big time.

It was a case of too little, too late. Ironically, the entire fine art program was cancelled just when change seemed possible with a recently appointed and sensitive administrator, Peter Sepp, a new advisory committee and a more democratic system for introducing art into a community. Calgary brought to



an unhappy end a trouble-plagued program.

Much of the trouble stemmed from the fact that a lot of people, including politicians, simply didn't understand the art and reacted angrily. In Charlottetown, B.C., for example, a sculpture commissioned in 1969 from Zane Burrows had to be dismantled because of vandalism. And a \$45,000 statue by Qui-



Kubota's plywood waves, Hooper's popular *Spawns* and (left) a detail from Grey's mural: art could... and no one's spending

bless Muriel Bratton of the 700 Tony prize exhibitor Archie McPherson has been languishing in Ottawa's Pile of Park storage since 1968, somewhere denied entry for public viewing.

But the most controversial piece was a simple, yellow-painted, steel sculpture named *No. 1* (Nostalgia [after a handy strain of wheat]) and commissioned in the spring of 1975 for \$40,000 from Lunenburg, Saskatchewan, artist John Nugent. It mandated *Wastepipe*—everybody seemed to hate it—and finally, after a semester of shoving it among the public, the press, politicians and public works officials, the piece was blowtorched apart last August (Monday, Sept. 18).

Nugent is using for "damages to the artist's reputation" and his case neatly symbolizes a basic lack of communication between artist and audience. At times it may be the fault of a narrow-minded public, fearful of the unknown (though all detractors can't be dismissed as jocks and philistines). At times it may be the fault of arrogant administrators, portraying the mass-dictatorship of Peter Sepp, who tends to be a populist attitude, says earnestly, "If you want to show something like the experimental sculpture, you also have to edu-

cate, show people what they're getting out of it, since, after all, they're paying."

But sometimes the fault lies with the artists themselves, turning out work that is technically problematic or visually mediocre. Michael Sore, for example, normally a brilliant and witty artist, produced what verges on last ditch for the term, red brick federal office in North York in Metropolitan Toronto's *Spawns* photographs, cheerfully placed on floors, ceilings, baseboards and pillar tops, play with visual perceptions of the manor's building, and in two washrooms a large oval photograph of a toilet stall is mounted above the tank so that anyone washing his/her hands is forced to stare into a toilet bowl. The "too" art has come loose from its fastenings several times and though there are strong suspicions that vandals (critics?) are to blame, building supervisors say it's merely faulty installation.

On the other hand, chunky wooden figures by John Hooper—one sits patiently on a red bench as though waiting for a bus—are so popular with workers at the St. John's mail-processing plant where the pieces were erected that the staff quickly added another Hooper creation to the collection when it was donated to storage status by officials in another building (because people, quite naturally, were rocking

the *Girl on the Rolling Chair*). And in Ottawa's pyramidal National Science Library, Nobuo Kubota's eerie and elegant plywood waves slide and flow endlessly under the central skylights. Jerry Grey's gorilla-on-wire mural, 26 years in the making, brings *Starlings* Canada to life through maps, graphs, dictionary definitions and a mosaic of faces (to be turned into a money-making print since the artist ended up minus profits). Murray Parro's intricate flying machine, which happily bridges art and science, looks as though it could magically glide from its skylight setting in Cornwall. "Sculpture actually is very cheap," says Parro. "I don't know of any overpriced artists. Administration asks up money, not artists, who often end up in the red because they're not good at estimates and because contracts don't allow for inflation."

Presently in bureaucratic limbo lingering French, Peter Sepp is fairly sanguine about the future—his own and that of the fine art program. "There's a possibility of reform in a different form," he suggests. "Money is just a tool at the best of times and now we have to rethink and give. We need artists and inventors, the kind of people who can form new ideas and find common values. I really believe that art is the signature of a nation." Right now, Canada's is barely legible. Merike Walker

## Bigots in bedsheets: the Klan rides again



David Duke, the so-called "new" Ku Klux Klan, says he will run for president of the United States in 1990. Now that George Wallace has retired from politics, he hopes to pick up the still substantial anti-black vote in the South. And as Duke begins to campaign, generating considerable controversy and attention, the question is again being asked—can bedsheet-covered bigotry rise again?

No one knows for sure just how many members the Klan now has, and the members keep their numbers as closely hidden as their faces. Best I can estimate put the figure at about 6,000 and growing. A more significant factor, however, is how many secret sympathizers there are. One possible measure of this number came when Duke ran for the Louisiana State Senate two years ago. He lost in a winning race, but got 11,000 votes—some 40% of all those cast in a well-educated, urban district. And in a recent interview at his home in the New Orleans suburb of Metairie, the 28-



A Klan rally, top, and Grand Wizard Duke in quest of the KKK's golden eras of strength

year-old Duke was quick to claim that the Klan is expanding into Canada. "We have members in the Toronto

area and in Calgary and Vancouver," he mentioned. "I would say that Canadian membership has gone up. To say it is short four times as large as it was three years ago it's because Canada is beginning to experience some of the same racial problems that the United States has. On the West Coast you have a lot of hatebirds (Goths) coming in, places like Toronto have a lot of Pakistanis and you have anti-white discrimination being sponsored by the government. A lot of crime is being associated with these people coming in. I think these are the major factors."

The Klan was founded in 1865 in the wake of the Civil War. Its aims were to keep former slaves "in their place." It was also dedicated to stopping Yankee carpetbaggers from exploiting the beaten South. By 1925, Klan membership had peaked at nine million, one in every eight American men, including governors, senators, mayors and sheriffs. Gaudy ceremonial regalia, mass rallies and cross-burnings guaranteed national attention.

Slumping inflation and unemployment were the issues used to draw in new recruits who could blame their frustrations on blacks, Roman Catholic immigrants and Jewish financiers. Klan tactics were violent. Anyone who could be considered "different" was branded as an enemy. During the '30s and '40s the Klan went into steep decline and was nearly extinct by 1964, when the Supreme Court's Brown v. Board of Education decision started the desegregation of schools in the South. Two years later, the Civil Rights Act resulted in court-ordered busing. As integration spread, the ranks of the KKK swelled again with new members, and extremists took over. The advent of black leaders like Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and their commitment to non-violence gave the Klan an assumed target. The murders of dozens of civil rights leaders have been attributed to the Klan but, as Southern justice was often on the side of the man in the hood, there were few convictions.

The early '70s saw the Klan shrink again into obscurity. However, recent "reverse discrimination" cases (Alan Bakke and others) have created something of a backlash atmosphere that, coupled with high inflation and unemployment, has contributed to a mood in which the Klan again finds it can expand.

The Klan is currently split into at least three major "sects." Duke runs the Knights of the KKK, James Venable, an elderly lawyer in Dowler, Georgia, runs the National Knights of the KKK,



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## The tortured times of B.C.'s grand designer

In the meagre and undistinguished annals of British Columbia architectural history, there are only two practitioners who have grabbed the eye and designed buildings that have lived lives beyond the business that so transacted inside them: One is Arthur Hinkson, whose designs for Simon Fraser University, the University of British Columbia's museum of anthropology and the nearly completed, low-slung provincial court building stand out from Vancouver's otherwise drab, checkbook-empowered. The other was an oddball, driven designer, half mad, half genius named Francis Maxwell Rattenbury. At the turn of the century he blessed the Inner Harbor area of Victoria with the gingerbread provincial parliament buildings as well as the fancy, elegant Empress Hotel. Vancouver has his stately pilared courthouses that today are the precursors to Erickson's design.

The meagre life of Rattenbury is detailed in a well-researched new biography, *Rattenbury*, by Victoria writer Terry Reardon. It is a story almost gaudy in the story contrast between the promise and accomplishment of this alternately charming, waspish, often unprincipled man, the depth of his tragic fall and, ultimately, his murder in 1916 in a seamy British saloon.

The grandson of a charismatic Methodist preacher, Rattenbury was born in

England in 1867. As a young man he apprenticed with a family architectural firm assisting on several drawings, one of which he would later claim untruthfully as his own. In 1892 his ambitions carried him to the new frontier of Vancouver, where the 26-year-old Rattenbury, with only a few small stipends in his credit, was a contestant to design the province's new parliament buildings in Victoria. Construction did not go smoothly. He was investigated for accounting irregularities and design faults that included, among other things, the omission of a bathroom from the lieutenant-governor's lavish suite of rooms. But when in 1896 they opened, it was to huge public acclaim.

A frantic builder in his early days, Rattenbury nonetheless had an Albert Speer-like gift for the monumental and his designs (now based on a variation on the theme of a French chateau) fed and flattered the emerging province's need for legitimacy. After an abortive Klondike adventure (in which he lost his stashed start attempting to move prospectors by public wheeler) and designs frolics with fellow architects and investigators, he continued to build the province's most important buildings: Guy Carleton (lieutenant-governor's residence), the Empress Hotel, the Vancouver courthouses among others. But the greatest scheme to seduce him was the plan of Charles Hays, president of



The young Rattenbury: A life of lost love and mad schemes worthy of the theatre

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, to create a new transcontinental railway and to punch a southern spur through the Rockies from the Alberta border to Prince Rupert, turning that saddy, stamp-filled village into a great metropolis. By 1911, then, Rattenbury was at the height of his power, author of the noblest buildings in B.C., owner of 50,000 acres along the proposed course.

Rattenbury's second wife, Alma, and his elegant Empress Hotel. Tragic disaster

of the C.P. railway, president of the B.C. Architectural Association, designer of three grand hotels to be built along the length of the C.P. line.

When disaster struck it arrived, suitably for Rattenbury, melodramatically in 1915. Hays went down with the Rydman and with him the creative and professional genius needed to make his railway survive. In 1914, as the line was finally completed, the outbreak of war scuttled hopes for tourists and settlers. Rattenbury's land became warblers, his hotel designs retired to a trunk. By 1919 the C.P. was bankrupt and taken over by C.N.R. Prince Rupert languished as a fishing village and Rattenbury, 52, was broken and dependent. It was here that his life took yet another snap-operation.

His marriage a shambles (he and wife Florrie had for years spoken to each other only through their two children),

Rattenbury took up with a young flapper named Alma Pukham. When Florrie would not divorce him, Rattenbury left their house taking the furniture with him and cut off all light and heat, returning occasionally to daily with Alma in the park while Florrie suffered upstairs. Eventually divorced—and a social and professional pariah in Victoria—he married Alma and moved to England where his life became so dissipated by alcohol that Alma took their daughter to live as a lower, Jewdas at what he saw as Alma's continuing affection for her husband, the chauffeur dispatched the unhappy Rattenbury with three mail boxes to the head. In a hotel aftermath, lovingly chronicled by a painting British press, Alma responded to her lover's death sentence by stabbing herself to death on the banks of the River Humber. Some 3,000 women attended her funeral.

At only a handful had showed up at Rattenbury's.

It was a suitably linear descent to Rattenbury's baroque life. Coincidentally, Rattenbury's last days are about to be enhanced for the North American premiere of British playwright Terence Rattigan's 1977 play, *Come Along*, based on the trial. Directed by Peter Cox, it will run at Edmonton's Citadel Main Stage from Jan. 17 to Feb. 11 with Glenn Johns playing the sad Alma flaggantly, who has also been perceived as architect's new legacy, the buildings. Even now Rattenbury's visionary plan for a unified, spread-out Inner Harbor in Victoria, dominated by his Empress and parliament buildings, is being set apart. It is a thought that in the tortured, hungry brain of British Columbia's first major architect would have supplied some contemporary comfort.

Thomas Hopkins

## If music be the food of longevity play on ... and on

What music? Nietzsche wrote "It would be a mistake." And with a great deal of music, a new and not very conclusive study suggests, it may be no surprise that the professional musician lives longer than most. Symphony conductors at least, have a remarkable record for longevity, and when conductor Leopold Stokowski died in 1957 at 86, Dr. Donald Allen of the University of California at San Diego's medical school decided to take a closer look at the lifespan of 20 famous musicians.

The mean age of death: Alma lived, was 73.4 years compared to the 66.5 years life expectancy for the general American male population. Arturo Toscanini lived to be 90. Bruno Walter died at age 88. Walter Damrosch at 85. Among conductors still alive the American, Arthur Fiedler, just turned 84, was still brisk with a better and he recently underwent surgery for a condition that had impaired his walking. And according to a doctor at Tufts New England medical centre where he is recuperating, it is "entirely feasible" that Fiedler, if all goes well, could return to conduct the Boston Pops orchestra again.

Allen finds that factors such as superior intelligence, motivation and accurate insight explain the longevity of his subjects, but Cleveland Orchestra conductor Lorin Maazel thinks it may have more to do with the physical activity involved. Although before are lighter than ballets, conducting is de-

manding. "Even though I walk a mile a day during my vacation, the season's rest rehearsal totally exhausts me after 15 minutes," says Maazel, who at 43 is still a whippersnapper in the conducting world. An aviator above himself, Alma decided to give his own age, revealing only



Stokowski, whose conducting at 67 and Toscanini, right, at 67, music hath charms

that he has "reached the age of medicine" (65), adding that he hopes his "apparently failing life pattern of conductors will show us the way to live to years as well as years to live."

Can there be such a thing as too much music? For faults with delicate skin, yes. A Winnipeg doctor cured a 32-year-old woman of a stubborn case of acne on the chin by suggesting that she stop producing

her hair for a while. Apparently even on the neck is also a possible occupational hazard for violin or viola players. "We don't take our skin problems seriously," says Jacob Gurevitz, personnel manager of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra and a violinist himself. "If you hold something under your chin for several hours a day six days a week over a period of years, you have to develop these things." After fluster's chin and fiddle's neck, perhaps "happy death" robbers their hands together at the prospect of new musical companions (pals?) right? Supper's ready? May work up their own case of phosphenic pain.

Catherine Fox/Brenda Robbins



COURTESY, COLUMBIA



# Kut to the kwik

Harvey Kirok? (People, Dec. 11)—yes  
Knowhow Kirok—maybe Not, Kirok-  
kirk? Kame, Kame, McKame's  
RONALD WOODILL, WEST VANCOUVER

# Separating the sheep

Your coverage of the Jehovah's wit-  
nesses, God of Molesters (Dec. 4), is to be  
commended. However, I take exception to  
the statement in which the Jehovah's  
Witnesses and the Seventh-day Adventists  
have been compared with Ben Jonn and his followers. The Jeho-  
vah's Witnesses do not advocate "settling-  
min" such as the one that was the  
subject of your story. They do have mis-  
sionary homes in various countries and a  
fine record of peaceful activities  
which include educating the illiterate  
and conveying the message of true  
Christianity.

R. FISHER, WATERLOO, N.B.

The juxtaposition of references to the  
Pagan Temple and the Seventh-day  
Adventist Church may lead some to as-  
sume the two groups. This could have  
unfortunate ramifications. The Sev-  
enth-day Adventist Church has been or-  
ganized for over 160 years and has es-  
tablished itself as a well respected  
Christian group through its many spiri-  
tual and humanitarian works. Based on  
the belief of an eternal God and the  
redemption of man from sin by Jesus  
Christ, the truly perfect man and Son of  
God, Seventh-day Adventist doctrine  
makes no allowance for a distasteful  
earthly leader like Jesus Farther, a  
basic tenet of Seventh-day Adventism.

is that anyone is free to choose or reject  
its teachings according to his own in-  
formed belief. Corroborated to  
Jones's group in your article, is smat-  
terhouse

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MR. AND MRS. E. J. DE CLERK VANCOUVER



Chronicle: John Jones, 'Molester's'

# 'Fessing up with Farley

Not wishing to speak a good story, we  
still feel the need to point out several  
saying elements in your account of the  
kidnapping of Colonel Foster during a  
recent Canadian Armed Forces exercise

(People, Dec. 11). As any good lawyer  
will tell you, the key to an operative's  
success lies in the details. The "strange"  
being two of the principals in Farley  
Mowat's string, we feel our contribu-  
tions were sadly overlooked. Without  
deducting from Mr. Mowat's perfor-  
mance, it took more than "a glass in his  
eye and a little spit and polish on his  
boots" to put the match on the oil-soaked  
Nancy Darham's persona with a sub-  
machine-gun and Sandy Mowat's itchy  
revolver. Both played an impor-  
tant role in the premiere. It's probably  
breaking the Code of Criminals to run  
up to our part in this dastardly deed,  
but even so-called-wilds deserve credit  
when due. Granted, without Mr. Mowat  
we never could have pulled it off—but  
then, without us, neither could he.

NANCY DEERAN, TORONTO  
SANDY MOWAT, PALMER, ONT.

# Sharing the health

The article, *Moving Pains, But Not the  
Soul* (Nov. 13), on the discovery and de-  
velopment of the non-narcotic analgesic  
Baclophenol left me deeply embar-  
rased due to the disproportionate  
share of the credit that was given to me.  
Although several of my colleagues were  
fervently impressed with the quality  
and tone of the article, I wish to empha-  
size that this discovery was the result of  
teamwork. Our target could not have  
been readily identified without the di-  
rections of Dr. Irwin J. Fackler, vice-  
president for research and development  
at Bristol Laboratories and the skilled  
experimental application strategies by  
Dr. Yvo Meeuwse and his assistants at  
the Bristol Laboratories of Canada. We  
also had the help of a vast number of  
biological and medical researchers at  
the Synchrotron Laboratories who estab-  
lished the therapeutic value of the  
drug.

BERNARD BELLEAU, PROFESSOR,  
DEPT. OF CHEMISTRY,  
MCCILL UNIVERSITY,  
MONTREAL

# God's good sports

Please extend my sincere sympathy to  
the writers of *The Christians in the  
Arms of Christ* (11). I know Paul Hen-  
derson and Ron Elie personally, and their  
lives are being used by God to reach the  
lives of thousands of other people. It's  
too bad that you are so far from God's  
will that you can't see His handwork as  
He reaches out to Canadians.

GEORGE ORRANT, OTTAWA



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Clark with Britain's James Callaghan in 1976 (Trudeau's career pathed performance)

get-planning until mid-January." In the capitals of India, Israel and Jordan similar efforts are under way, with an eye on Canadian Gallup polls, to ensure top-level meetings with the young man from Alberta who could be prime minister of Canada. From New Delhi the word came last week that India's Prime Minister Morarji Deasai will meet with Clark, who will be an official guest of the state. Sessions with Israeli leader Menachem Begin and Jordan's King Hussein are still tentative.

When Clark goes and, more importantly, how he conducts himself will be the crucial elements of the mission which is costing the Conservative party \$25,000. A major concern of Clark's staff is the same: a top-level party—\$4-5 million—where negotiations are picking up to \$4,000-per-correspondent tab for a view of the prime minister-in-waiting abroad. Clark strategists are anxious to avoid a damaging media circus. Perhaps mindful of the leader's past performance on a European trip in the fall of 1979, a Clark advance notes wistfully: "After all, this is an opposition leader going on a learning experience. There will be no treaty signings and we are not going to stop any war."

But six months before an expected Canadian election, Clark can scarcely avoid comparisons with Pierre Trudeau. Indeed, Clark already has taken himself on his accustomed role in planning a meeting with Indira Gandhi. Now that she has emerged from jail as the principal thorn in the side of Deasai's embattled democratic party, Clark will first sound off his hunches about the politics of meeting the most visible opposition leader on the stampin' India tour.

Robert Lewis



Trudeau with Callaghan: also as if he's determined to lose his own way

## Sticking with unity—and stuck with it

**P**ressing against polls that show the public isn't interested in the subject any more, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau struggles to talk about national unity and the separation threat from Quebec. The most recent example was a televised year-end interview with CTV's Bruce Phillips. The annual interview has often been an occasion for Trudeau to think out loud, breaking new ground and handling the opposition newsmen with which to attack him, to the dismay of his advisers. This time, it was old ground, national unity, that Trudeau was plowing, no less to the

dismay of the poll-questioners more around the prime minister. It is almost as if Trudeau has decided that, if he must lose the next election, it will be on his own turf.

An irritable Trudeau agreed with Phillips that Canadians are bored with the subject of national unity and said that they are "defeating themselves" if they do not take the danger of separatism seriously. Indeed, he declared, the provincial premiers have been "coined" by Quebec's René Lévesque into thinking there is no real danger. And, he added, the opposition Conservatives have been ducking the issue or, worse, suggesting they can work out a deal with Lévesque. "I'm saying about the guy who can deal with this problem of the united country the best."

It is now obvious Trudeau intends to make national unity the central theme of the upcoming election campaign in defense of the polls and his own advisers (who were admonishing, as recently as last summer, a campaign based on the economy, aiming directly at the opposition's strength). "I think whether they want it or not, Canadians will, when it comes down to choose in the election, have to ask themselves two things," said Trudeau. "Is unity endangered in Canada and, the second, if it is, who is more likely to be a good government to fight that danger?" Whether this approach leads to a gut-wrenching election that destroys Trudeau and the Liberal party with him remains to be seen.

The CTV interview with Trudeau was not the only year-end message from Canadian leaders. Trudeau, Governor-General Jules Lévesque, the lieutenant-governors, provincial premiers and even labor leaders issued formal year-end statements. In his, Trudeau talked of the need for disarmament as the

arms race heats up. But he also tied the subject to national unity, warning that prejudice in Canada could "explosive" unless people disarm their thoughts.

In British Columbia, Lieutenant-Governor Henry Bell-Irving got into trouble for a Christmas message urging people to sign a petition asking Quebec to stay in Confederation. After being reprimanded for his statement by the B.C. government, Bell-Irving said: "I represent the Queen and I think the Queen is perfectly justified in saying she would rather like to see Canada united as it is."

Less controversial was the New Year's messages issued by Premiers Bill Durn of Ontario and Peter Lougheed of Alberta. Both called for restraint in 1979, with Durn saying: "I hope all of us will use the time we have now to consider the best way to proceed in order to avoid 'emergency' actions or measures which would compromise our free-market economy."

Perhaps the most interesting year-end message came from the press, in more news from the day of Newsmen King were released from the Public Archives in Ottawa. The excerpts, from the year 1949, should prove especially interesting reading for Trudeau, because that is the year King resigned. In the diary, King expresses relief at the 1949 "burning of oil" after but concern over the choice of his successor. He was mollified by the selection, in August 1949, of Louis St. Laurent as the new Liberal leader. King was also mollified by the resignation of Lester B. Pearson, St. Laurent's replacement in the external affairs portfolio, and saw him as a future prime minister.

Jan Uggla

## Continued News

# Travel test for a PM-in-waiting

**A**t the first North America division of Gammas, Japan's foreign minister, the cables have been cluttering in over the wire from Ottawa in recent weeks. The messages have nothing to do with the political situation in Quebec or the level of civil deposits in British Columbia—but rather with Conservative leader Joe Clark, who arrives in Tokyo next Sunday to start a four-nation world tour.

For the Japanese, ruled since 1965 by

the business-dominated Liberal-Conservative Party, the concept of an officially designated opposition leader has required a medium of explanation. The Japanese embassy in Ottawa also has pressed home the point that Clark now stands 18 points ahead of Pierre Trudeau in the polls and that a federal election is expected early this year. "We are trying very hard," writes a senior Japanese official as he details the efforts to arrange for Clark to see the new prime minister, Masayoshi Ohira, who last month ousted Takao Fukuda. But the government will be busy doing its best

Not overnight step in Atlantic is essentially a job for

## The wooing of a shrewd political lady

**O**wen Donner, recently in his discreetly unacknowledged position from John Galtard made Judy Leifshen an offer he said she couldn't refuse. Pressing the break she did refuse—and negotiations were temporarily suspended. CTV's Chairman Bennett's proposal was to sell off all of the television rights to the 54-year-old Leifshen's first novel, entitled *A Very Political Lady*, to be released Jan. 22 and to do it in a better way. Drawing largely on her own experiences as a former member of the Pearson and Trudeau cabinets, Leifshen's novel is set in a fictional period with notable Ottawa figures including a



PREVIEW

last-look slurs from cabinet member named Kathleen Marshall who was the top Liberal spot against two male opponents who were "once inside and are now enemies."

Said Bennett, who last year spent \$500,000 bringing Richard Pannier's *Donation* to the big screen: "I offered her a certain amount and she didn't think it was enough. Our negotiators will continue on the strength of the sales of her book. When they hit a certain figure, I'll increase the money. Said Leifshen: "There are no and her other people interested besides Bennett. Like Marie Pannier says: Never sell these rights until you see how much

Joe O'Hara

# Return of the torch and the flesh

In Nelson, it was a scene both tragic and familiar. Marilyn Stoenhoff, 35, attractive and wearing glasses tinted red-tinted blue, sat half-naked in the prosecutor's dock spitting abuse in Russian at the back of departing B.C. Provincial Court Judge D.M. McDonald. Shaken by noise, she turned toward a gallery of 100 fellow Doukhobors. Sons of Freedom supporters, some also naked, and murmured, "First we watched this happen to our parents. Now our children must watch it happen to us. When will someone help us?" With that, she'd's officers threw a cloth coat around her bare shoulders, picked her up in her chair and carried her, along with four non-defendants, through the snow of a sub-zero British Columbia night to begin serving nine-month sentences (though co-defendant got two years less a day) for seeking the middle lane of Reform Doukhobor leader Stefan Sorokin.

It was all as startling for the non-believers with which it was greeted by court officials and sheriffs as for the reality of the five female defendants. But it was neither Stoenhoff's disrobing nor her outburst that shocked the mostly-orthodox B.C. inns. Rather, it was an earlier statement by co-defendant Olga Woodchiff, 32, who charged that the five had been ordered to burn Sorokin's home by the respected Belia A. Verigin, 32, Sorokin's rival, 1936 winner of the Order of Canada and honorary chairman of the United of British Communities of Christ (UBCC) Repre-



Doukhobor Green House (top) on her way to sentencing for arson. Other defendants (below) slipped before being carried away. Are we on our way to suffer? they ask.



senting some 5,000 orthodox Doukhobors in B.C. The instruction was allegedly delivered by a messenger who threatened the women with a seven-generation curse if they did not comply—a curse whose existence was later accepted, perhaps for the first time in Canadian jurisprudence, as a mitigating factor in levying sentence by Mr. Justice McDonald.

Charges of seditious influence in Doukhobor Sons of Freedom arson bombings had been reported as early as 1976, but the new record rocked the clanish Doukhobor world when, in quick succession after the Dec. 14 explosion, B.C. Attorney-General Garry Gordon ordered an inquiry into Doukhobor affairs. Verigin was arrested and charged with conspiracy to commit arson in the Sorokin affair and in three other cases, and the UBCC community center was raided and all tax, deviance and insurance records were seized by the state. It was a rapid series of events that some observers saw as a turning point in the often-bewildering history of Canadian Doukhobor communities. Until recently, the confessions of arson, bombings and public nudity in southern B.C. in the 1950s and early 1960s had been blamed on the fanatical parent Sons of Freedom, a splinter group from the orthodox Doukhobors. They were allegedly led—often from his two residences in Uruguay—by the Russian emigrant Stefan Sorokin, now 77, whose Maphataphelian gnostic and shadowy background had supported the idea of Sons of Freedom militance.

Classroom instruction indicated that the remaining 100 orthodox Sons of Freedom have dwindled to a mere handful of perhaps 50 living in Gilgus outside Grand Forks on the U.S. border, 88 miles southwest of Nelson, with the bulk of the former Presbyterians, "old ascetics" as they refer to themselves, now grouped around Sorokin under a new name of Christian Community and Brotherhood of Reformed Doukhobors. As a sect, they are now virtually indistinguishable from orthodox Doukhobors and remain based in Kootenai, 20 miles outside of Nelson, where last week, Sorokin and several of his followers talked to Macdonald.

Sorokin's mobile home has been repaired (cost, \$7,000) and from behind the dining-room table, cluttered with olive, wets and laundry sundries, early John Deere, 47, who once served 12 years for arson, reminded a 1974 incident when a messenger issued an order backed by the threat of a curse to some of Kootenai's women to burn 41 newly built homes. It was only when the secret was accidentally revealed that the Kootenai were provoked to the reform. The Crown now alleges in four arson cases in the past four years, including

the May 19 attack on Sorokin's home and the September, 1977, burning of Verigin's 1930s-era home in the Grand Forks, that Verigin himself conspired to commit the crimes. Verigin calls that "an absurd lie" and he is naturally backed by a confused and angry 200 coactive which far years has organized cultural events, conferences and symposiums to try to erase the blighting stigma of bombings. "We have labored for 30 years under this confusion between us and the Presbyterians," says Bill Kootenai, 1930s character, "and now the courts allow them to go ahead while they arrest our honorary chairman." Placid Kootenai Secretary John Semchuk. "Why would Mr. Verigin burn down the community hall we all worked so hard to build? It makes no sense."

The new case and the spate of recent bombings after a five-year period of relative calm are merely the latest fireworks in the long, bloody history of the Doukhobors. Ideally, "spirit-wrestlers"—peasants, intellectuals, vegetarians and pacifists who broke with the Russian Orthodox Church in the 18th century. The Gosses and the refusal to recognize the authority of the secular state led to a series of exiles throughout Russia culminating in the flight to Canada in 1888. They settled in Saskatchewan under John J. Verigin's grandfather, Peter (the Lordy) Verigin. Some 6,000 Doukhobors moved to B.C. for climatic and political reasons in 1905, establishing a communal farming enterprise in the valleys around Grand Forks. But, however, as the years passed, some became more prosperous, the old



Sorokin (above) and Verigin. Verigin behind the sofa and olive, a 1930s name-calling.



anti-government, vegetarian and anti-militaristic ways became eroded and the purist Sons of Freedom rebelled, looking out at backsliding orthodox brethren and at marriage companies and governments that contradicted their faith in the Depression and forced their children to go to public schools. Rebel-

partisans isolated into ritual burnings, persecutions of families and numerous trials punctuated by severe Russian lynx. The result, in 1962, was the construction of a \$300,000, three-proof mountain prison in Agassiz, in the Fraser Valley outside Vancouver, to house the floating population of some 100 Sons of Freedom. In protest, in 1963, some 1,200 Presbyterians burned 300 of their own West Kootenay homes in six weeks and trucked, often nude, to Agassiz where they set up a shantytown (now abandoned) around the prison.

When Sorokin returned to Canada from Uruguay in 1969, he gathered the shaken former inmates into the Reformed Doukhobors. The rift between the Sons of Freedom, past and present, and the orthodox wing remains bitter and deep, with the DCC refusing to recognize the reformists, terming them "a malicious group of fanatics." For his part, Sorokin chuckled in his dining room and called Verigin several names of his own.

With Vancouver lawyer Harry Rabinovitch Verigin's attorney, the arson conspiracy trial (also charged are two other Russian-Canadian men on at least one of the counts) promises to be prolonged Preliminary hearings are scheduled for next week. At best, they do not bode well for the already shattered image of the Doukhobor people. Were, then, the Doukhobors, as some members would have it, put on this test to suffer? Once Canadian Bill Kootenai, nicknamed a weak zerk, slowly shook his head and replied: "I don't know. I don't know."

Thomas Hopfland

## Dollars and scents along the trapline

In South Indian Lake, 500 miles north of Vancouver, trapper Mike Dyck is delighted that 1,500 miles away in Montreal, perhaps even in St. Lawrence, he is thought—all because of Dyck's great discovery that a few drops of Chanel No. 5 will lure him into his snares. In fact, in a single day's time, Dyck and his partner Paul had around 100 live traps by drawing down the roads with the perfume. One day before Christmas they got two more. He says more.

What gerbil? Madame Spence whose company Portanova Vercellotti sells the famous French scent in Canada. "Imagine, slightly used perfume two costs \$50 an ounce to let me know. But, he, David, I mean, we've got some—the perfume didn't cost anything because his partner just borrowed a bottle



from his wife. Betty first. Because, you gotta carry it back up to \$400.

What about the perfume people so much as that they can't get their hands to tell a hair from a pin in the Canadian Wildlife Service that Chanel No. 5 is illegal? Well, it's banned out to be some other catchword the Wildlife scientists used up themselves and eventually gave the number 10, which is a single number, and they're all over the world before Christmas. Ranch actress Catherine Deneuve made almost more magazine and TV appearances than Santa Claus, claiming that Chanel No. 5 makes women more attractive to men but Spence considers all that and animal life (especially birds)—and he's looking at going to give his wife perfume he's bought. It's not bad. However, maybe Dyck says he never heard any wild talk. "The bird camp in my snow, and prepared, so we just decided to try the perfume. Too—and I intend to keep on using it for years. The most I can do is to say, 'I don't know' because I don't know it's mine."

Peter Carlyle Gedge

## A new town in the land of black icicles

The communities of Alberta's Crowfoot Pass lie like a grim string of pearls along the narrow, sparsely beautiful valley that crosses southern Alberta into British Columbia. With their fortunes tied to the coal industry they have lived an up-and-down existence, but there has been one constant to life throughout the century: a continuous rivalry among the towns. Now, however, the old hat has been abandoned. On New Year's Day, the towns of Coleman and Blaine, the villages of Bellrose and Frank and the hamlets of Hillcrest and East Coleman amalgamated to become Crowfoot Pass, Alberta's newest town and 12th-largest urban centre.

But initially this had "All that is changing is the system of government," says Brian Crocker, a Blaine resident, pointing out that the towns and villages will all retain their own names except on formal occasions. Nevertheless, Crocker, like most Pass residents—67 per cent approved amalgamation in a summer referendum—sees the move will give the towns and villages a better tax base and more accountability to government money. It will also end the time-consuming, expensive debates over who should get what.

The area's major problem has always been inter-municipal, bickering by the five separate councils and the inevitable duplication of services and projects. The towns agreed for two years ago when to put a new amalgamation plan before Blaine residents. Since then, in the meantime, Pass residents had to drive 30 miles to Flesher Creek whenever they needed a job. Five years ago, when all the community dumps were closed, each town found itself faced with buying a truck to get refuse to the new joint landfill area. "We've lost the opportunity to have several different industries set up," says Bill White, a former Blaine councillor. "The towns all competed with each other to grab new industries, but one one of them could offer everything the new industry needed. And we had a housing shortage for years because no one town alone could service the area."

Crowfoot Pass is one of Canada's largest and fastest growing, 9,000 people are stretched for 10 miles along Highway 3 while Blaine—eighteen

of the worst of the mountain squag—is only 1½ miles wide. Pass residents are hoping fervently that a master plan for the area will end the proliferation of creek, rolling roads and administrative bounds and solve the area's geographical problems, based on the fact that the towns are only four miles apart and yet share the steepest mountain pass with a highway, a railway, a couple of pipelines and major electrical transmission lines.

Coleman, which owned its own utilities and had the lowest mill rate, has long been a vehement opponent of amalgamation, while Bellrose and Frank, the worst-off economically, were for it. Citizens are still not reconciled to the plan, admits new Mayor Jerry Rejman, former mayor of Coleman. "But newcomers see the wisdom of the move." The first job of the new council, elected in December, will be to decide where to

put a city official reported that the Pass was "nothing but coal and coal everywhere." At the turn of the century, Blaine was called itself as the Eldorado of the Golden West and people there were buying, building and predicting everlasting prosperity. A dozen years later, the bottom dropped out of the coal market and a dozen towns and mines lay dead. Both would have brought riches of affluence but the Depression and the 1960s oil and gas boom squashed the towns flat again. However, the mining towns struggle on, worrying about Japanese markets for coking coal and copper—particularly in Coleman—with black snow, black icicles and grey snow that kills gardens, blights the air and keeps people scrubbing. In fact, Pass residents retain an indestructible sense of humor and the inter-town scraps and the continuous economic situation. The Blaine res-



The crows in Crowfoot Pass sit in late snow.

put the one town jail—Coleman's is the biggest now—and then it will get on with completing projects already started by the towns. Coleman's mayor, Blaine's library and Frank's sewer and water system.

Despite a provincial grant of \$10 million to the new townships, there are financial problems to be faced. The real estate market is currently soft and there were recent layoffs at both Coleman Collieries Ltd. and at Phillips Collieries Ltd., one of the Pass's few successful attempts to diversify its economic base. The Pass has ridden a roller coaster of prosperity and catastrophe since 1883 when a Hell-

angel office, which will likely soon disappear, has a move on the wall.

"We did some research at the Kennedy gates

five years ago and decided on it. We moved before the area of jobs for oil money to the field.

"What have you done," David Pate said, "you've done nothing."

"I have worked for the village of Blaine, etc. for many and many a year."

The Pearly Gates among says with David Pate's trenchant a look.

"Come in and choose your camp," he said.

"You've had your share of Hell."

Summer Zwart

## The Shah at bay

The men agree, about 30 of them, rushed into the road dragging trees and debris that were quickly set ablaze, sticking posters on windshields and creating an enormous tangle of burning cars. By the time burned soldiers had cleared them off, the burning barricade had long smoldered and smoke over Tehran and all around the funeral chant went up "Baqi-e Shah" (Death to the Shah).

That and more could be seen from hundreds of mosques in Iran and Iraq last week as the civil disorders reached their highest peak in three months. Every sign indicated that the Shah was

at least temporarily out of control of his domain. While moves continued to replace the military government with a civilian administration and doubts persisted about the Shah's future role (though not in the minds of the demonstrators), transport broke down, the banking system all but collapsed, all production ceased, the mobs controlled the streets for hours at a time, and

The Shah: "Yes, it is not a revolt, it is a rebellion, quell the disorder!"



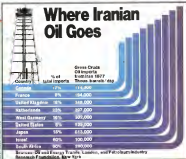
## An embargo by any other name spells collapse

One year later there is a quiet company at the table garden of a home in the Montreal suburb of Joliette. The main participants are Persian Afshar Pournazer, then sister of the Shah of Iran, and several members of the South African government. The company commemorates the anniversary of the death here of the Shah's father in 1944 after three years of British imprisonment.

While privately the event recalls the Shah's last days in South Africa, the Shah's last appearance in the South for getting South Africa's gesture for Iran no longer provides nearly all South Africa's oil supplies—despite the Arab boycott and continued crisis—problem is out of its picture to the world mobility government.

The volatility in Iran—conceding with the OPEC group has—led South African Minister of Economic Affairs Chris Heunis to commission on Dec. 30 that the oil price at gasoline, shipping a \$11.43 a gallon might be increased by 10 per cent on Jan. 1. Heunis also warned of the possibility of gas rationing and a government commission has been formed to investigate ways to reduce fuel consumption. It suggests that the oil price, in whatever form, will be the first line of attack against transport and the country's major revenue stream among—the largest source of oil. Privately the government has attempted to reduce consumption by forcing private companies by decreasing the speed limit and blocking the sale of gasoline on weekends.

The price hike means that South Africa will have to fork out an additional \$2.6



million a year to meet its gasoline bill according to the local petroleum economist. But once it is clear the price is essential comparison to the Iran's oil price, the collapse of the Shah's government could have about the same impact on South Africa as a United Nations embargo of oil. The country's supply of oil is not enough to last more than 18 months, say London's commodity firm. The Shah's government has reportedly supplied a large quantity of oil to its own military and it is not enough to last more than 18 months, say London's commodity firm. The Shah's government has reportedly supplied a large quantity of oil to its own military and it is not enough to last more than 18 months, say London's commodity firm.

Cuts of oil imports would be around to an estimated 20,000 barrels a day. The country is fortunate in that only one-quarter of its total energy needs is based on oil. But

the Bailey River's refinery shows that this is a short-term solution. The refinery is a major source of oil for the country's economy. The refinery is a major source of oil for the country's economy. The refinery is a major source of oil for the country's economy.

South Africa also has little hope of breaking its dependency on oil. The country's supply of oil is not enough to last more than 18 months, say London's commodity firm. The Shah's government has reportedly supplied a large quantity of oil to its own military and it is not enough to last more than 18 months, say London's commodity firm.



dozens of people died in battles with soldiers and police. It seemed the country was telling Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi what Louis XVI was told after the Bastille fell: "Sire, it is not a revolt, it is a revolution."

The violence, which took on a pronounced anti-American tone, began in earnest on Tuesday when protesters, threatening to kill Americans on the streets, set fire to two dozen vehicles and parked the business district of the capital. Troops armed with tear gas and batons fought them in more than 30 riotous battlefields in the city.

The fighting continued through Wednesday in Tehran amid the burned ruins of liquor stores, nightclubs and

**Demonstrators in Qazvin carry the bodies of children killed by army tanks and cars**

movie theatres destroyed earlier in the year because they were offensive to the Shiite sect of Muslims, whose leaders are pushing the intervention. Anti-Shah marchers also took to the streets in Shiraz, Isfahan, Tehran, Zanjan and Kar-

man. The strikers on the soldiers began to tell when army rifles fired on a funeral procession that had been approved by the military. Fashionably dressed housewives, men in smart business suits and children were cut down. "The army cannot cope with it [the intervention] and the people know it," explained a Western diplomat. "The result is that elements of the army are becoming more fearful by the day. A military coup is a real possibility now."

By Thursday the disorders had penetrated every aspect of life. Schools were closed. Garbage collectors roamed in Tehran while prices soared in shops with merchandise left to rot. As banks closed, promissory notes, the main instrument of commerce, could not be met. At least nine people died in demonstrations near the U.S. Embassy in Tehran and the Iran-U.S. American Cultural Centre in Shiraz. Foreign experts said the oil wells might be permanently damaged by the shutdown—loss of pressure in the pumps, seepage of water and corrosion were the main threats. "They may never get up to six million

(barrels per day exported) again," said one oil expert.

On the political front, the Shah spent all week trying to patch together a civilian administration which might command sufficient respect with the masses to take some of the heat out of proceedings on the streets. By week's end, after a frustrating run with former interior minister Gholam-Hossein Rofeg, he appeared to have had some success. A veteran international lawyer, Shapur Bakhtiar, seemed to form a cabinet.

Bakhtiar, slim and deceptively soft-spoken, was a clever choice. A cousin of the Shah's former wife, Princess Behru, whom the Shah divorced when she did not bear him a son, he has a long and honorable record of opposition which has several times landed him in jail, and might command enough loyalty in the ranks of the opposition National Front and among leaders of the country's Shiite Muslims to enable him to restore order. Significantly, too, he believes that while corrupt officials must be punished and top office holders purged, the Shah should continue in office, with his powers reduced to those of a constitutional monarch.

By the weekend, however, there was still confusion over the ruler's future. Experts that he was about to step down were swiftly denied while others, not named, suggested that after Bakhtiar's government had taken over the Shah would take a "winter holiday" to allow tempers to cool. The unanswered question would be over the ruler's.

Meanwhile, the waters in a storm, swelled outside—the United States, Israel, and South Africa especially—kept anxious eyes on the heaving waters Iran's turmoil was sending the "nearly internal crisis" that Moscow called it. Zhigunov Bravitskiy, Soviet Deputy Chief of the national security adviser, stressed Washington's "incredibly, strategic concern that 'an act of crisis' might develop along the shores of the Indian Ocean should the Shah fall." The mounting political chaos could well be fanned by elements hostile to our values and sympathetic to our adversaries.

The fear was very real. But from Carter down it was hastening to seem that the United States might now be ready to see the Shah dump himself if it could be satisfied that the dumping would be an orderly process. Thus, when Carter had been fast-tracked in backing the Shah he was now said to be "continuing to insist" that the Shah should have a role in forming a regime of confidence. Former U.S. under-secretary of state George Ball, called in for a recent two-week rethink of relations with Iran, was more forthright. "The Shah," he told an inquirer, "is someone that nobody feels

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## Chill winds for the 'shah' of Everest

The name of the Shah of Iran is often heard these days in the mountainous kingdom of Nepal, where a series of discontent has set in. Opposition to what are seen as the repressive policies of King Birendra—who wields most of the political and economic power—hence the comparison with the Shah—is growing and some of the king's opponents are believed to be plotting a violent rebellion along the lines of April's coup in Afghanistan. There, a government with close ties with the Soviet Union is now at power after the murder of President Mohammad Daoud and 30 members of his family.

U.N. is merely the chief opposition figure in Nepal where Birendra's reign is widely regarded as tyrannical. There, a tough Gorkha, once minister twice during a lifetime with democracy in the 1950s. But he attempts to persuade Birendra to institute peaceful reforms have so far come to nothing and militant youths are turning increasingly to a far better spokesman in government, K.P. Bhandari, who leads the Nepali



Congress Party. Bhandari is fond of telling his supporters he has given Kamele a "leakable" for reforms and that unless it is not a revolution will be unleashed.

Diplomatic sources in the capital Kathmandu are concerned that Bhandari has accurately read the nation's mood. What a rope, both the army, believed to have been financed by an aircraft heading west, the "Ironies" Indian east. West German intelligence sources have reported that a unit of Bhandari's (Nepali) army is now Nepal is a refuge, having taken up residence in the valley township of Pokhara, west of Kathmandu. Nepali Congress activists confirm that some militant youths

are receiving outside training in subversion but decline to identify those who are providing it.

Nepal is sandwiched between India and China, with only Himalayan peaks like Everest rising along its northern frontier. When the British ruled India its rulers were under their protection. Nepal still did business on trade for more than 60 years of its foreign trade. Its geographical position makes it less of a threat than Afghanistan which shares a border with the Soviet Union. But a coup there might be more than an awkward inland, and the presence of Nepal's open door makes the event more likely. **Errol de Silva**

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sorry for it. He asked for it. He was very apologetic... denying a whole generation their right to govern themselves."

Clearly the hope was that a Bakhtiar government would make possible a return to stability. But the U.S. was taking no chances. There were made to evacuate 80 top jobs, Grumman T-28 fighter fighters with the Iranians had to fly their Kh-25s to Iran, in case they should fall into friendly hands, and the 80,000-ton aircraft carrier Constellation was ordered from the Philippines to the Persian Gulf.

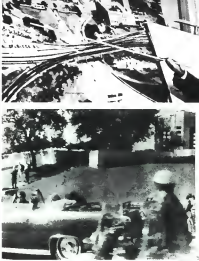
The throttled production of the 900,000 barrels of Iranian oil that the U.S. currently uses each day (about eight per cent of its consumption) posed no direct threat to the U.S. economy. However, the prospect for the U.S. and other consuming countries were considered interrelated because of historic alliances, the integrated nature of the world oil system and international agreements to share shortages. While hoping for production to resume, major consumers were relying on the oil companies to see that available supplies were spread as evenly as possible. If shortages became severe, a pact among members of the International Energy Agency could be activated, but it would require sharp—and unpopular—curbs in domestic consumption.

The main victims of Iran's striking 27,000 oil workers—apart from Tehran's treasury, which was losing \$40 million a day—were Israel and South Africa. Israel gets 60 per cent of its oil from Iran, but Washington is committed to make up the difference should deliveries fail. South Africa, which gets 30 per cent of its oil from Iran, faces a major economic recession or worse (see box) should that flow be permanently stranded.

As the oil dried up last week sources in Washington indicated that Israel was turning to Mexico and China—both oil exporters—to make up for its Iranian losses and the U.S. state department was said to be helping smooth negotiations. South Africa, for its part, was thought to be negotiating with Mexico and Venezuela.

Such shifts, of course, were likely to be unnecessary if Bakhtiar could get the oil workers back to the pumps and the country off the streets. But the Shah's bitterest opponent and the ring leader of the revolt, Ayatollah Khomeini, was adamant: only if the Shah's head was cut could bring about a solution. From his outpost of exile in France, he denounced the Bakhtiar move as unacceptable and there was thus no guarantee that the religious ferment could be calmed and that the tide of revolt, let alone resolution, turned.

**Michael Chaglin, with correspondence/ reports**



The U.S.

## The search for an unholy grail

Most Americans—81 per cent according to a recent Gallup poll—are convinced that President John F. Kennedy was the victim of an assassination conspiracy. They refuse to believe that Lee Harvey Oswald, a patently mad, alone, could have snuffed out the spirit of Camelot without the help of some great and evil force. There's a lingering fear that somehow it will lessen the myth of, after all, the Prince Charming president was murdered by a nobody.

It's almost as if the nation has a need to believe in conspiracy. Complex, bizarre and sporadic theories have been named variously to identify Oswald's backers as Fidel Castro, the Kresins, the Mafia and the CIA. But despite clear-

ely constructed scenarios, there has never been hard proof.

Nine, 15 years and six weeks after Kennedy was shot to death in Dallas, the congressional committee on assassinations—in the last week of its two-year existence—has come up with evidence that seems to indicate there was a second gunman present on Nov. 22, 1963. The testimony is built out of an intricate scientific study that conspiracy theorists will pooh-pooh as "proof positive." Others may find it less convincing, though on the day of the assassination at least one police officer believed that he heard a shot coming from the now-famous "grassy knoll" on the other side of the street from the building where Oswald had built a sniper's nest, and some films of the event seem to indicate one or two shadowy figures running away from that spot.

But it is difficult to believe that the committee can as this stage produce much further advice. For even if there was a second gunman, he remains as shadowy and elusive as ever.



American expert Weiss and assassination scenes could be pathos. He will have snuffed out Camelot by himself?

After first hearing the dramatic new evidence in camera, the committee produced Professor Mark Weiss, a bearded acoustical expert at Queens College, New York, to tell an open meeting last week that his team on a tape recording made at the time of the murder showed a "Kippen-viet or greater likelihood" that four shots were fired at Kennedy. Three of them came from Oswald's building and the fourth, said Weiss, from the knoll.

Weiss used charts, photographs and scientific paraphernalia to explain how he and a colleague had resolved their conclusions. He said that a policeman's microphone near the presidential limousine at the time of the assassination, and picked up all of the sounds of the event and they were automatically recorded at headquarters. Using physics and geometry, the tape had been analyzed and compared with tests done earlier this year when 22 microphones were placed at various points along the assassination route and test shots were fired. A study of echo effects pinpointed that one shot on the original tape came from the area of the knoll.

Chairman Louis Stokes looked out at the crowded hearing room bathed in television lights and slowly addressed the witness. "If the committee accepts your tests then the committee accepts the fact that there were two gunmen in Dealey Plaza." At week's end that ominous secretary prompted the committee to declare that Kennedy "was probably assassinated as a result of a conspiracy." The spirit of Camelot was already once more.

**William Lawther**

## With this ring I thee rape?

American husbands last week received a warning—what was viewed as "light" may now be viewed as law. Although she lost her case, Greta Hedstrom, 33, made history by taking her husband, John, 21, to court in Oregon for rape, even though the couple was living together. She was the first to do so but she will not be the last. Oregon changed its laws to include wives among those who could be victims of first-degree rape in 1977. Two other states—Texas and Delaware—have similar laws that have not been put to the test. And this week a New Jersey law goes into effect that defines rape as an assault upon either sex—so that either spouse can be defined as a victim.

The New Jersey law is the one most focused by women's rights groups. In 1971, the National Women's Conference proposed that all state rape laws be changed to fit the New Jersey definition. But no other state has taken so large a step. States have reduced "spousal immunity" if rape occurs after a couple is separated. The others follow English common law, protecting the husband.

If Hedstrom had been convicted in Oregon he could have received 20 years in prison, the severity of the sentence reflecting the seriousness of the crime. But he was not. Despite photos of bruises on his wife's face the jury of eight women and four men could not decide beyond "reasonable doubt" whether his story—that she agreed to sex when they made up after a fight—was true or that she was beaten into submission—was true.

The not guilty verdict brought applause from Hedstrom's supporters in the courtroom, others who opposed it. "Spousal rape" argues that no aspect of marriage is more sacred to be shielded from government interference than sexual relations. Mary Ann Larpin, a member of the Rape Prevention and Control Advisory Board, executive vice U.S. department of health, education and welfare, said that even though the Hedstrom case was "a good test case" (the judge instructed the jury that a marriage contract was no defense, thus upholding the legislator's view) many state trials will be necessary before the courts can adequately deal with the problem. "I was shocked at the verdict," she said, "because there was so much corroborating evidence—the photographs of the injuries, the doctor's testimony. It just goes to show that the burden in this kind of trial are going to be formidable."

No more formidable, however, than many other hurdles tackled by U.S. feminists in 1978. While their movement was extension for the Equal Rights Amendment, 64 more women were elected to state legislatures (787 from 1950 and Congress passed laws giving more financial protection during pregnancy and improving the inheritance prospects of farm widows. It also dealt with a series of blows on a shorter scale, at the year's end, there were three fewer women members in the Senate and House of Representatives (17 from 1977).

As for spousal rape, parties are clearly going to take some persuading, whatever the law says, to convict. But they are not likely to be short of practice. Justice officials foresee a number of other test cases this year, and more states are expected to consider putting bedroom protection legislation on their books. "It's not just the husbands who have a right to sue," says Larpin, "wives have it too—especially the right to say no."

**Catherine Fox**



John Hedstrom and wife Greta, a marriage contract is no excuse for sexual assault



## Tears and smiles in the Land of the Good People

Shodun's neighbor, Monabague, once a Portuguese colony, usually makes Christmas only when Prime Minister Jose Smith's forces stage riots—the latest was confirmed just before Christmas as Shodunian guerrillas based there. Few Western correspondents have visited the country and even fewer have bothered to investigate the truth behind the Marxist label routinely attached to the country's leader, President Samson Machel. One who has done both is Maclean's Africa bureau chief, Don Turner, who filed this report last week.

**P**lay-by-play analysts of Moenabque's political Stanley Cup agree on two points: that during the big game, veteran Karl Marx was in as goal and also a pass to Samson Machel, leader of FRELIMO, the Front for the Liberation of Moenabque; and that Machel traded the puck—Moenabque, after all, did gain its independence from Portugal on June 25, 1975. From that point, northern African spectators disagree vehemently.

South Africa's new prime minister, Pieter Botha, reports that Mure's past was woefully, as usual, and that Murel tripped and fell flat on his face in accepting it. All Marxism has brought to Mozambique, Botha told reporters recently, is chaos, hunger, lack of health services and the destruction of non-economic growth.

The contradictory version of the play is that Michael left his feet gracefully, kept the park and—where?—though spun tumbling by a combination of dirty play, bad luck and the transitory condition of the sea, recovered his balance.

ance and is still moving toward the goal of a just and economically healthy society. Which is to say that independence did not come easily to this gorgeous land of 10 million people, blessed by soft monsoons off the Indian Ocean on the east but hemmed in by antagonistic relations with Rhodesia and South Africa to the west and south.

The mood of panic that swept through the Portuguese community at independence sent as many as 200,000 of the 250,000 whites who had dominated the colony scurrying back to Portugal and into South Africa. Not only did they take with them most of the skills needed for running anything remotely approximating a modern economy, but in widespread acts of sabotage they left factories destroyed, oiler howls raised and sea tanks full of sugar.

Then came an extraordinary series of cyclones, floods and droughts that, in combination with the abrupt breakdown of the Portuguese plantation system, left FORTIMO grasping to import the staple foods in which pre-independence Mozambique had mostly been

self-sufficient. In addition, Machel's decision to close his border with Rhodesia (in support of United Nations sanctions) has cost an estimated \$300 million to date and, finally, mighty South Africa lifted its economic little finger and hit Mozambique with a sledge hammer. What it did was cut back the number of journals Mozambiqueans it was willing to

But, as if through coincidence, growing as Rotha put it, and some hunger in the renamed capital city of Maputo (formerly Lourenço Marques) food kiosks at the new system of 60 People's Stores are common. What is notably missing from Rotha's description, however, is any evidence—or even rumors—of chaos. The Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama called it the Land of Good People when he visited in 1488, and after more than 500 years of colonial rule, 35 years of armed independence struggle,



and 8½ years on their own, the mood is still easy and friendly.

Linings wrangle with relaxed banter, not jostling. Waiters at the dattier, gaudy Palmar Hotel, overlooking the ocean, are as eager to please as they were under white supervision—with or without tips. Visitors to the Bahía clothing factory in the city of Barran are greeted warmly and politely before everyone settles quickly back to work in

the strains of revolutionary marches. Belita is said to be producing four times as many trousers, skirts and shirts as it did under Portuguese management, making it a symbol of hope in a system where most of the state farms and factories are still well behind the production figures of the late colonial period.

If the statistics are depressing, however, the enthusiasm is no palpable in the smell of gasoline in the air. Besides the joy intrinsic to emancipation, the mood so far has been carried by FRELIMO.



Mozambican youth in black suburbs of Maputo, 2nd grad of the Glabe Hotel, independence did not come easily.



and 8½ years on their own, the mood is still easy and friendly.

to's push for social reform. Theresa Healy of Fort Frances, Ontario, a 1980 volunteer whose husband, Stephen Healey, is a doctor at the northern town of Milnora, laughs at Roth's contention that the revolution has destroyed the country's health care. "The only health

care they had was for the Portuguese—if you were black you didn't get any. But within a few years, this country is going to have one of the best preventive medicine systems in Africa." Muenzinger's literacy rate was more than 90 percent at independence. Now, an American diplomat says, everybody and his sister is at school (nurses never used to be allowed).

To walk through the sandy paths of the Maputo suburb of Mussequema with Barry Trank, an architect and town planner working as one of the hundreds of co-operants from Sweden, the U.S., Cuba, Portugal and dozens of other countries on contract with the Mozambican government, it is to be constantly nagged at by residents anxious to show where the new water tap is going to go, and where their concrete house

will stand when the roads reach it. But at the moment most of the shanties are made of reeds and corrugated iron. Port-au-Prince's 400-year "civilizing mission," as it's ironically called, managed to produce five taps for 18,300 residents living in one neighborhood of Manassese.

Finsky, who is affiliated with the Toronto Committee for the Liberation of Southern Africa, says most suburban renovations are emerging as the result of self-help projects. That energy is the most hopeful thing about the country, by far. The big question is how long the bank will last without a reasonable base of skills and finances. Solving the most severe housing problems was easy—the Portuguese left room for 150,000 Mexicans when they abandoned the brightest and persons of Lourenço Marques' inner concrete city. But there are no more vacancies and building

Despite the obvious aspirations of the PRGMO leadership to put together a genuine Marxist state, 65-year-old Mubel, a former hospital orderly with both charisma and pentastatal qualities, has become somewhat of a pragmatist. Momentanians are encouraged to shop at the People's Stores but private competition continues. Says Mangaldas Valbhai, an Indian who still runs his shoemaker's shop on the Avenida Karl Marx, "We're all suffering from shortages, but you can see the beginnings of something good—and there's no race problem anymore."

Indeed, Mubel has three whites in his cabinet and his gaze is great trouble to encourage harmony. And if the government has been talking about reforming the Clubs Nasal (yash; sh) to boost its black membership to more than the current 39 (out of 800 members), all those sleek white bodies tramping in the sun aren't being bashed off to re-education camps as were the remnants of Row Najor Arango prostitutes in the early days of the revolution.

Whether Rachel's pragmatism will eventually dovetail into the Wolf's new tactics—trying to stay on good terms with everybody, whatever their ideology—remains to be seen. So far the U.S. Congress has denied regular aid to Masanobu's group. Yet Canada, it has helped out in emergencies. While some among Canada's International Development Agency (CIDA) critics condemn the Masanobu group's tactics, the agency's

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A world premieres go. Edmonton's Citadel Theatre is a critical thorn from Broadway or London's West End, but that didn't stop American composer **Charles Strouse** (Golden Boy, Applause) from spending his latest season there entitled *Flowers for Algernon*. Starring **Fay Rud** and **Chelise Charneau**, *Flowers* finds its way to Edmonton on the strength of Strouse's longtime association with the Citadel's artistic director, **Peter Cox**. "I landed the play when I was down in New York earlier this year looking for properties," explained British-born Cox. "Charles called me and asked me if I wanted to direct it in New York. I told him I'd do it in Edmonton and he said fine." Cox will direct the show when it opens in New York early this year, but he's hoping to have more luck with it than with the last Strouse piece he directed, *Entitled Sir*, the musical never made it to Broadway.

LaClare: declining to part with a pint

ends wasn't making a pit stop. In the person of **Jean LaClare**, a 33-year-old Montreal actor playing the title role in *Dracula* at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, the legendary Transylvanian vampire was merely doing a publicity stunt, hoping to suck out a little ink for the show he'll take to Broadway in April. Although he declined to part with a pint of his own "very good, very rare 500-year-old blood," 475 donors did roll up their sleeves while cautiously jostling with the count. Said LaClare of *Dracula*, "He's really a very charming person whom you'd like to invite to your home for Sunday brunch. He's a gentleman with spirit, grace and manners who just happens to be a vampire."

With a song in his heart and a packer in his tips, Winnipeg Q.C. **Harvey Pollack**, the 1977 world whistling champion, has a whistle for any occasion. Naturally, he whistles while he works or whenever he feels afraid, but last October when the College of Cardinals elected Polish Pope John Paul II, Pollack celebrated the occasion by whistling Chopin's *Ave Maria* on CBC radio. Now Pollack has put out his first album, called *The Whistler*, an ambitious recording with backing by members of the Winnipeg Symphony. Included on the LP are such tunes as a theme from *Swan Lake*, the second movement from *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*—and *Murder Death*. Pollack's New Year's resolution: "That I achieve a perfect packer and an abundance of wind and that I continue to satisfy the courts and all my clients without having to whistle for my fees."

It was enough to give anyone an advanced case of claustrophobia, but the only ill effects of 11-year-old **Mike Lee's** world record-setting stunt was that he was constantly hearing bells. No wonder Lee, a Barnsby, B.C., Grade 12 student, recently spent 600 hours (Dec 2 to Dec 31) in a suburban Vancouver telephone booth in an attempt to make it into the *Ginormous Book of World*

Rudd: Golden Boy, a critical defense

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**Records**. Answering up to 300 calls a day, Lee slept in a down-filled sleeping bag, ate hamburgers supplied by a local store and ate the assorted five-minute-per-hour nut served to go to the bathroom. After raising \$4,300 for the B.C. Loose Society for Crippled Children, Lee admitted he was happy to be out of hibernation. "After 30 days in a phone booth," he said, "what do you expect?"

Given her basic training in Montreal's experimental theatre, it's not surprising that French-Canadian actress **Cécile Laure** is experimenting with an alternate career. The 23-year-old Laure, who's currently in Montreal filming *Run, See You Monday* with French costars **Claude Richman** and **Mimi Mimi**, has just released her first album, *Albion*, written by Montreal composer **Lawa Pump**. Stealing time between scenes to mark time at the piano and keep her voice well-oiled, Laure is also preparing a stage show of Parry's music for Paris' renowned Bobino Theatre next year. "It's like a whole new career," said Laure (*Get Out Your Handkerchiefs, Les Meses*). "When I met Parry I knew I wanted to sing his music. Already it's very clear in my mind that someday I'll bring his music to the screen."

When actors **Ted Follens** and **Owen Greenhalgh** were married, during a day off from the Stratford Festival, friends said it wouldn't last a year: it didn't. This year, while playing the parts of another loving couple, *Albion*

Follens and Greenhalgh won't last a year



Laure: it's all very clear in her mind

and *Albion* at Stratford, Follens and Greenhalgh celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Although they've acted alongside one another throughout their marriage and are currently producing Toronto Arts Productions' new *Twins Who Came to Dinner* (which opens Jan. 3 at the St. Lawrence Centre), perhaps the true test of their skills will come in April when they play the parts of lovers in Theatre London's *Star Time New Year*. "The play's about two people who get together once a year for an affair," said Greenhalgh. "Since Ted and I share so much—we fall asleep talking about the kids or plays—it'll be a real challenge. Actually, it would be rather nice if we only saw one another once a year."

Even though he's still living in a University of Washington dormitory, his name gets mentioned in the National Basketball Association box

scores, for **Lane Hansen** of Cognatum, B.C., is definitely looking up. Last week, Hansen, the 24-year-old, six-foot 10-inch centre for Canada's 1976 Olympic team, moved a step closer to becoming the first Canadian in the NBA since Carl Riedel's brief stay with the Minneapolis Lakers shortly after World War II, when he signed his second successive 10-day contract with the Seattle SuperSonics. Since NBA teams can only give a player two such contracts, on Jan. 4 Hansen will either return to university to complete his economics degree or take his place as a team regular. Averaging eight points and six rebounds in the first five games he's played (all of which the first-place Sonics lost), Hansen believes he has reason to be optimistic. "This is a dog-out-dog business," he said, "but the way the coach has been treating me I think I've really got a chance. All the same, I'm not moving out of this dorm 'til I put my John Henry on a contract."

Edited by Jane O'Hara

# Crystal-balling the year ahead

A businessman, an economist and a politician were asked to add two and two "Four," said the businessman. "Somewhere between three and five," said the economist. "What number would you like?" asked the politician. Members of the three groups have been spinning at the hapless ship of the year that should lead to a close this week, searching for hopeful scenarios in 1979, and their predictions are close to the laser truths that add nothing for Canada, beginning its first control-free year since the troubled birth of the Anti-Inflation Board in 1975, there is no more than cautious confidence. With wages on hand coming out of control, business, after 1978's higher profits and unparallel export expansion, is optimistic. Economists, from banks, brokerage houses and think tanks, are more cautious, waiting for an expected U.S. slowdown (for a comment and whispering, "If we can get through '78, 1980 will be a lot better"). Finally, sporting any optimism, an election-bound federal government sees good growth, lower prices and dropping jobless rates.

The usually optimistic Conference Board in Canada bleakly labels 1979 as "another year of subpotential growth, continued inflation and high unemployment" (see chart). Adds board Chief Economist Thomas Maxwell: "The Canadian economy is sitting on a knife edge as far as 1980 is concerned." The board, now rightly an proved growth, disinflationary price increases, higher jobless rates is typical of the Canada-wide

worried consensus, shown in predictions from a variety of institutions, corporations and governments that see growth in the green national product rising from the 2.25-per-cent, pre-budget stab by investment dealer Pitfield, Mackay, Ross, to the department of Finance's sluggish four to 4.5 per cent.

Business, too, disagrees with the Conference Board's finger-wagging gloom: Says J. Laurent Thibault, director, economics and communications for the Canadian Manufacturers' Association

Shown from the Conference Board's Maxwell, sub-potential could grow, they say the banks.



"You talk to any company you want to, they are growing, materials are good, inventories are low, profitability is improving, they can compete." Indeed, with corporate profits up 38 per cent in 1978, the best gains in four years, business investment in a 1979 bright spot, with a six- to 10-per-cent increase expected that will bring higher production, new equipment orders and more jobs. Also, because energy for Canadian industry remains at lower-than-world prices, costs will stay below rest-of-country competitors. Worst-case areas and probable economic activity in 1979

**Growth.** The federal government continued calling for a five-per-cent increase in the 1979 gross national product. Long after others had dropped that, it is possible, 3.5 per cent new looks more likely. Finance's optimism for growth is supported by a four-per-cent call from the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development in Paris, but most private sector economists see that as unlikely.

**Inflation.** The Conference Price Index rose nine per cent in 1978, some distance from the government's seven-per-cent target, even further from the four-per-cent target when controls were first imposed. Improvement is expected in 1979, not the 4.5 per cent rise the government asks, but perhaps 7.5 or eight.

**Interest rates.** RBC increases lending 3.5 per cent as the post-setting Bank of Canada prime rate is forced to rise first, moved the 4.5 per cent to 5.5 per cent, only near the 12% to 14% per cent charged consumers. With the central bank committed to keeping Canadian rates above those in the U.S. for the moment and dollar strength, hence, the basis for corporate rates, will likely catch up another percentage point by spring, then lead down.

**The Dollar.** Starting '78 at 81.3 cents, it closed at 84.5 cents and should stabilize around 85 to 87 cents. Trade deficits will keep many traders skeptical while devaluation continues to help exports. Is the important U.S. market, however,



CMAs & Thibault looks ahead gleefully: Talk to any company you want.

President, Janney Center is headed toward production.

**Unemployment.** 1978 was worse than 1977, 1979 will be no better. Since 1967, 360,000 jobs created in 1978, the jobless rate remained due to the continuing high population rate (more women in the labor force, for example) and slow growth. First major union contract up for renewal covers the 55,000 railway "non-ops" agreement with Canadian National and Canadian Pacific. The union wants a two-per-cent 12 per cent.

**Control.** If the ATB had too few teeth, its replacement watching, the Centre for the Study of Inflation and Productivity, and twice chaired outside Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, worried him. "I do not believe that we have yet done all we might to eliminate inflation and therefore the possibility of one day being forced to consider controls again." With wage increases running behind inflation, political pressure could build for voluntary restraint with the big stick of mandatory controls as a pro for someone's elective platform.

Of 1979's murky question marks, one of the biggest is the National Energy Board's decision on signing up Alberta natural gas to the United States for balance of payments problems and dollar stability, it follows Canada's traditional economic course, will natural resources in a world world that is not for the new market, short-term solutions may not solve long-term problems, but it's easier than forecasting.

At Finance Minister Jean Chrétien said recently: "Forecasting is a difficult business. Perhaps I should have Janney the Greek." Order forecasters stick with their numbers for 12 months. Janney can change three right up to game time.

Nadrick McQueen, with bureau reports

## The doctor sends his bill

Imagine the Matthews man as a multi-millionaire real-estate magnate and you have Dr. Charles Allard Tough Independent, Ontario and (un)paid. The former chief surgeon at the Edmonton General Hospital who formed the sliver of the scalpel for the slash of high finance and a personal fortune of more than \$50 million, last fortnight filed for the right to start up his new Bank of Alberta.

Allard grew up in that province and got his start 20 years ago selling cars and buying real estate in Edmonton. Paraphrasing his real-estate holdings into petrochemical investments (after in partnership with Robert Blair's dynasty, Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd., he has sold five corporate investments). In 1961, a Texas petrochemical investment didn't pan out, there was also an unworkable scheme to import the Soviet-built Yak-40 medium-range jet. Other ventures have been more profitable: a television station in Montreal, hotels, insurance and—at a time when their sweet socks wouldn't show—being a part of the World Hockey Association's Edmonton Oilers. Today the totality of Allard's Developments Ltd. (\$84 million in sales and 17 million

in earnings) much into printing facilities, restaurants and Allard's favorite pastime: raising Murray Grey cattle on his farm north of Edmonton.

The new bank will operate from the offices of Allard's existing North West Trust Co. or through a new closely held child (capitalized to the tune of \$10 million) of Allard, and will be headed by Allard's lawyer son, Charles. Application has been made now, through a private member's bill in the Senate of Canada, rather than using the faster letters patent method that will be possible when the Bank Act is revised later this year. According to Vice-President Art Smith, Allard is "overwhelmed with generating the name—Bancop of Alberta, in French—in some somebody else has the idea." Whatever they call it, the new bank will have to contend with other tough new competitors to make a place of the province's hot, \$7.4-billion money market. Credit: Société de Banquiers and the Chase Manhattan Bank of New York are both due to open Alberta offices shortly, check-it-out with credit-



William Lawrence beat the big dogs an appeal might be evoked.

## A slight change in the program

Delicately processing companies are cautiously embracing a trade policy victory, though they expect more action from the government than there is a court ruling ending Toronto Dominion Bank's long providing certain customer services not followed by its charter, leaving up accounting business for dozens of smaller firms across Canada. In Winnipeg Mr. Allan's A. Hamilton noted in favor of Credit Acceptance, Services Ltd. and Conchord Services Ltd. is signing that the bank should not process delayed parcel delivery for non-commercial. While banks could get around the ruling by having non-depositors open a \$10 account. Conchord President William Lawrence says he would be setting up a challenge in the courts. Unless the banks have such services (banks and private insurance, business, bank and loan alternatives), accounts receivable and payable (logically in the new bank act, offering them will represent other competition. Says Conchord's president, "We're hopeful the decision will influence Parliament that the banks will not be allowed to be paid any further into the private business







Edmonton mayor Charles Mead protecting the name in French

ing Alberta government's treasury benches and the 11 Canadian chain banks.

Still, Allan insists, "the bank has a place in this province. There are a lot of people who will support us." Albertans may also wait and see what sort of banker he'll make in March 1977, the employees of Allan's Parkland Nursing Home in Edmonton struck legally. It's a dispute that remains unresolved with Canadian Union of Public Employees members currently picketing his trust offices and boycotting his restaurants and hotels.

Don LaRoque/Don Brown



REUTERS

the demand for Niagara bubbly may have peaked. Still while bubble wine shone at the domestic market, imported from 37.6 per cent in 1977 to an estimated 44.7 per cent last year, Canadian wineries are rushing to meet that new demand with products like Ancho Premium White (served on *Le Canard Night*) made from hybrid European grapes now being grown in Ontario and B.C. Some are more pessimistic about Canada becoming a producer of great wine in the future. Albert Gault, among the daisies. We just don't have the climate to compete. The best we will ever produce is a decent white wine. Fanciest of course by the sound of popping plastic corks.

Nick Collier/Diane Rutina

## Cheese and quackers

Somewhere in Canada, perhaps at a Christmas or New Year's birthday party being carried, her thumb popped the plastic cork on the 19-month bottle sold last year at a bubble party we called Baby Duck. Much maligned by sniggering who, it is snipped up by new buyers who believe bouquet is for spring gardens, sign something to be feared and who have made Baby Duck Canada's top-selling wine. The thick champagne with its 90-per-cent alcohol content from Ancho Winery Ltd. of Winona, Ontario, is directly derived from its stronger cousin Gold Duck, both wine roles in damaged Germany following the First World War when domestic sparkling wines were substituted for French champagne. The lower alcohol content was first introduced by California wineries coming to Canada in the early '60s when Bogley Winery Ltd. offered White and Delany, followed by Ancho's Chateau in 1966. Today the sweetest sparkling wines capture 25.7 per cent of B.C. domestic wine sales and about 20 per cent in Ontario. Among the flock of new drinkers are Jordan & Son, Michele's L'Espresso (Chateau 2 in sales), Bright's Spelling, Gold Duckling, Canada Duck from Calicut, Casa Brava's Spinning Ducky Duck and Fudgie Duck from Uncle Ben's.

The soaring retail success of pop wines in general and Baby Duck in particular came at the same time as the drinking age was virtually lowered to 18 and 19 years.

Dean Roberts, general manager of the Wine Council of B.C., suggests that the bubble-tant wines were perfect for "beds brought up on Coke, six years and clearly." Peter Campbell, editor of the *Wine Press*, admits Ancho "for not trying to pretend it's a great wine and not marketing it as such." But Albert Gault, president of Vancouver's Le Tassevin wine club, writes:

Baby Duck is a pink ginger ale with alcohol content. Mine is not a chemical product. It's a gift from nature.

Baby Duck's base is the Labrador grape, a Concord variety common to the Niagara Peninsula. The grape juice is supposed to be sweeter across the country for blending with a neutral white wine. Alcohol content is controlled by adding sugar and water, carbon dioxide dissolved under pressure to yield the consumer-grabbing tiny bubbles. (Natural effervescence from slow fermentation would push the wine far beyond the popular \$2.50 price range.) Baby Duck, which even makes zipperage on some restaurant wine lists in Japan, brings Ancho more than one-third of its annual \$21 million in wine sales. But Baby Duck's real win is in the soft words at the international wine market began last year at Atlanta. Through an extensive advertising campaign ("When you have Baby Duck, you have a party") market testing and a bottled-up non-peer-cork alcohol content, Ancho hopes to capture 10 per cent of the sparkling wine market in the U.K., says Marketing Manager Bruce Walker. Depending on the success of the British experience, other European countries may soon become acquainted with the Canadian foaming. Meanwhile there are indications that as Canada's population grows older and wine-palate matures,

## Sports

# It's not nice to fool Mother Nature

In 1968, at the Mexico Olympics, a claim was added to the Olympic oath. Athletes had to sign affidavits saying they had never used and were not using anabolic steroids—which include male hormones—to increase their weight and strength. Last week a 30-year-old East German female sprinter, who until 1971 had been in training for the 1968 Olympics, came in from the cold. Renate Neufeld said a West Berlin reporter for *Radio in the Allied Sector* (RIAS) that she had been forced to take performance-enhancing drugs by her trainer at the *Tricot Sports Club* in East Berlin.

Neufeld's claims worked the first time a major East German athlete had spoken out on the alleged use of hormone drugs to win medals. Her case stirred suspicion that the East Germans, among others, were cheating the Olympics which peaked at the Montreal games in 1976 when the East Germans won an astounding 96 medals, including 46 golds—six more than the Americans whose population is 15 times greater. To date, medical examinations have been stymied. If an athlete has not taken steroids, orally or by injection, in the week before testing, use of the drug cannot be detected.

Neufeld's claims were all the more revealing because of alleged sources. She said that in 1967, in preparation for the summer track and field season, she was ordered to begin taking hormone tablets. She was given 18. Neufeld told the reporter that she refused to take the drugs at first, but later complied under threat of various reprisals. "If I did not hastily change my attitude, neither my coaching sports performance nor a financial reward would be any help. Instead I soon would be sweeping a factory floor, or at best, standing behind a factory bench."

Neufeld said she was given two different tablets, two or three times a day for two-week periods—a cycle that was repeated after a 10-day break. She said she developed peculiar and painful side effects, including a hardening of her thigh muscles that sometimes caused difficulty in walking, occasional loss of voice, a little growth of hair on her upper lip and, like other female members of her club, frequent interruptions of her menstrual cycle.

In May, 1977, Neufeld claims, the refusal to take any more tablets because of the side effects. She said she was not permitted to see a doctor outside the sports club—instead the club doctor ordered psychotherapy. Neufeld said she also refused to join the ruling Socialist Unity Party of Communist East Germany. By the fall of 1977, she said, she had been taken to a police building several times by plainclothes secret service men for interrogation. It was about then that Neufeld decided to defect.

During a vacation in Bulgaria she was joined by her boy-friend, now husband, and they travelled to West Germany. She carried with her samples of the tablets she claims she had been ordered to take.

The young athlete's story finally surfaced on *NRK* (now jointly by the U.S. and West Germany) and was quickly in bearing propaganda broadcasts into East Germany and on the front pages of West German newspapers because, Neufeld says, her family had already been punished after her defection. Her

father, an English teacher in East Berlin, has lost his job and her sister, who is a basketball player, was expelled from her sports school and club. "I felt it wouldn't do them any more harm now to tell the truth," Neufeld said tearfully.

The agency that carried the story declared that the sample tablets Neufeld had snatched out with her had been identified as anabolic steroids by Professor Manfred Donke of the West German Sports Federation. Since then Professor Donke has declined to confirm the finding or even to say whether he had analyzed the samples. And Neufeld has admitted that she received money from reporter Wils Kuschel for the interview, but refused to say how much. Kuschel has confirmed that he gave the athlete what he termed "a token sum for him without reasons" because she, her husband and eight-week-old child were living in near-poverty.

When asked if she did not fear that her allegations might be used to spearhead a crusade against Eastern bloc athletes in general, Neufeld said, "I'm only telling what happened to me and others in my club. I don't know whether they force hormones on all the athletes in East Germany. It might be wrong to generalize."

A spokesman for Neufeld's former club in East Berlin denied that athletes "were forced to take anything." But when asked if hormone tablets were ever used by the club, he said, "I prefer not to say."



# Making winter fun

By Roy MacGregor

But by then it would be winter. And? Too much for you to do—Poor Strong Winds, Jan Tyson

In Vancouver they cheered its coming. A late diner at Papp's saw the first sharp flakes as they flamed into the cone of an outside light. He told the others, and where once such a messenger might have been shot with contempt, this one was applauded. On the other side of the continent, at Lewis Lake near Hinton, Phil MacDonald saw the Maritime's first snow when he woke on a Sunday morning, a soft, powdery fall that thickened the trees and pruned his eyes. Sue, the family dog, was already plowing through it with his nose, shaking the snow, then bring it at while his tail whipped in celebration. Phil decided it was a perfect day for a family picnic, and began to make the others. Fifteen hundred miles to the south, Mary Honsk was sleeping to the back of the Gulf of Mexico when her phone rang at 7:30 in the morning. It was Toronto calling: snow was falling in Canada. Two hours later Honsk was on the first flight north from Fort Myers, destination, Mont St. Anne, north of Quebec City. Behind her she was leaving a thriving health food business, a 450-sq. Mercedes and all hope for a vacation. Ahead lay the chalet she had recently purchased, a new country, a new language, a new life. A few days later she personally witnessed the opening of the Mont St. Anne church; her toes were in the first wooden socks she has ever owned.

It seems this place they now call Canada was only half-discovered by Champlain, the white months weren't named until the 1970s. Despite freezing temperatures, the new legitimacy of winter is in full bloom throughout the country. Everywhere, dew still and up, Canadians are skiing. Bins are booked 24 hours a day, snow



days a week in Halifax. In Regina and Calgary there's not a spare sheet of cutting ice to be had. On the Rockies, snow is in full bloom, the time carrying wheelchairs to resorts. The Maritime

Laurentian skiers, the new legitimacy

ski-trails, inactive since the '50s, are skis in full bloom, the time carrying snow-country skiers to isolated trails

Adventurers are looking in with Brian Bourque at Albert's Wood Buffalo National Park, the attraction being a dog-sled tour of the snow he trapped in for 35 years. A bulging market is overcast

garnered by the new legitimacy of winter. The remarkable boom in outdoor "hockey" (see box) advances bookings at Mont Tremblant Lodge, the largest ski area in Quebec's Laurentians, are up 30 per

cent. There are lights on the cross-country trails at Ski King, north of Toronto. Snowmobile sales, are in the words of "Ski King," "spectacular."

What all these kinds add up to is a simple truth: Canadians have made their peace with winter. And about time, too. There have been approximately 300 months of 11 more consecutive years, 30 or more years that have been largely ignored in the hope that they would go away and stay away. But in recent years people have come to believe, as Dave Kilgyle of Ottawa's recreation department does, that, "Winter is good weather, too."

The selling of the winter of 1978-79 goes far beyond the \$60 million worth of vitamins, the \$75 million worth of cough and cold remedies or even the one million roses of frozen Canadians will go through this season. The winter industry now includes snowmobiles with heaters and 400,000 snow machines, \$1.5 billion worth of ski equipment and almost 670 million worth of hockey pucks.

But the enjoyment of winter is, by no means directly relative to the amount spent. Avoid Hill, a Winnipeg senior citizen, is a firm believer that a show of face is the surest way of dealing with the winter bully. Each day, regardless of the weather, she has her walk, and in these walks she has noticed something—the winter landscape is changing into a portrait of people, much the way it was in her youth. "I think that attitude is beginning to come back," she says. "People have seen enough TV."

It is an unfair but telling connection that Leonard Cohen, who once wrote "Winter is all I want for me," is no longer the infatuated he once was. The 1970s may well be dull, but they are at least active, and it is another, older winter named Morley Callaghan who now speaks "Winter happiness in Canada seems to come to those who know how to use the season."

"The more snow the better," says Janet Dicker of Halifax. Janet, her husband, John is former member of Parliament, and these six children have discovered a "family obsession" in downhill skiing. Not far from the Dickies live the MacDonalds of Lewis Lake. Phil MacDonald, who proudly says, "I consider myself a winter person," doesn't find the season long enough to fit in the family's devotion to hockey, skiing and ice skating. Even when he and his wife, Claudine, get an evening free from the four children, they generally spend it on a moonlight ski.

Away from Halifax the story is much the same. The Railways of Protestantism ski into winter when they are up a creek, snowed out and struggle in for the night, convinced that they enjoy winter

snappy "because we use it." The Dubells of Ottawa, who cross-country ski on their retreat near Buckingham, Quebec, find a "throbber." The Northalls of Toronto—Rabie, Judy and their three children—are currently planning a winter ski holiday for the entire family. Not an escape from winter, but an escape from it. "Winter is it to be enjoyed," Judy Northall believes. "You've got to get out there and enjoy it or you'll really be miserable."

"It has given me a sense of freedom," Winnipeg broadcaster Anne Polman says of her decision to stoke with cross-country skiing until she mastered it (first time out she cracked two ribs). "Winter is less of a threat and you soon get rid of any feeling of depression. The other thing I've found is that it really brings the family together, especially husband and wife. Before we were all busy doing something, but when you're skiing there's togetherness. I think it could help a lot of marriages, frankly."

As for the regions not readily identifiable with good winters, they also have benefited. In Newfoundland, where the season would be better described as "Vikram explains than snowfalls," business has nevertheless increased more than 100 per cent at St. John's Outdoor Hut, the only store on the island that deals solely in outdoor recreational gear. In Prince Edward Island, a Charlottetown store known as the Great Outdoors sold two pairs of cross-country ski five years ago. That winter, sales may well exceed 1,000 pairs.

The four-member Stafford family is typical of Islanders who have stopped thinking of winter as a conspiracy. "My attitude changed completely since I started skiing about four years ago," says Bill Stafford, a 36-year-old weather technician in Charlottetown. "Now I look forward to winter as much as summer, and I don't think I'd like to live in a place that didn't have both seasons."

In Saskatchewan, there is finally an alternative to Gardie Howe-certified frozen ponds and corrupted metal curling rinks. A great many new skiers there have conquered their new sport with winter camping, which often contains its own form of strenuous exercise. "All you need is a tent, a warm sleeping bag and a close friend," says Peter Bonits of Regina.

There are, of course, the diehards. Winter driving has a new hazard in the northern provinces, people like P.E.I.'s Elwyn Stewart, a middle-aged runner who hasn't missed a day's workout in more than two years and isn't about to let the elements trip him. "I'll enjoy it, really," he claims while chipping off

his sweat. In Vancouver, triathletes can be seen drenched in multiple warm-up suits, wearing gloves and carrying brown as well as nuckles as they head out to sweep off outdoor courts. And in Montreal, where winter driving is like a holiday in Iran, Bob Silverman has refused to take his bicycle down to the basement. All he takes, he says seri-

ously, is "a little more motion than usual." Silverman at one time lived for nothing but downhill skiing, but no longer. "Now it's my bike with the cold in my face—I really get off as it."

Most grown-up people, however, are

Cross-country skiing near Banff, a tent, a warm sleeping bag and a close friend.



APRIL 1988/25

Skaters on the slides: Floor wears men's

sticking to activities more is less with the season. And in some instances it has proved most profitable. Though there are some 900,000 minor-league hockey players in Canada, the fact remains that today's children have only bought as a growth potential. Just eight years ago Doublet's, a massive four-risk enterprise north of Toronto, was sinking under the misadventure that kids' hockey could be taken care of quite comfortably by the less expensive, constantly-funded arena of the area. Careful thinking by the Doublet's owners arrived at the conclusion that the kids they once profited by had simply grown up, so they set about to create "the largest adult hockey league in the world." Today there are 228 adult teams playing hockey at Doublet's, all of the players over the age of 19, all of them cheerfully paying out \$100 a season for the chance

to learn, seeing the basics of ice skating.

It will still show in tradition until the actual retirement of membership in the Canadian Olympic Hockey Association. Five years ago the COW was little more than an idea in John Gosselin's Peterborough basement. Today Gosselin travels some four million miles a year organizing COW tournaments, in some a \$200,000 budget. The other full-time employees are monthly newspaper and the 223 officers, teams that are scattered throughout Canada. They even have international tournaments. Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, the U.S. in both Florida and Japan. At times, there have been more over the 100 hockey players traveling outside of Canada than athletes in any other sport.

The logistics of the COW are remarkably simple. It costs \$250 a year to register a team, each player must be over the age of 30, have a medical record, and provide red to use skates, body checks or fall. The old bodies it seems take enough punishment just skating.

Players push up a concerning argument that he could go on forever in such hockey. "I'm in pretty good shape," he says. "I think 90 year old Canadians are healthier than anyone." Even so, the COW is already thinking of creating a second level of tournament play for 50 year-olds and up. One who agrees with this possibility is the league's national president, Randy Ellis of Toronto Maple Leaf and Fort Erie, who has discovered that at 55, he's beginning to see the backs of too many twentys.

There does after all come a time, says Ellis. "You have to step aside for some of the youngsters—the 40 year-olds." □



APRIL 1988/26

## The over-the-hill gang shoots again

A 19-year-old player, they'll find it hard to believe. Even his wife has said so lately. As president of the Ontario Ontario players association he has too many other obligations: visits to the school's library to deliver to hospital, brings to various. Not enough time left to say for children's parties. So Peter Parsons relaxes

family has decided that next winter when he turns 70, he'll finally retire from playing hockey.

Last year he hardly missed a shift in 17 games and probably won't this year either. But it's time they say to leave the game in the hands of the league's Young Turks men, before Mike Junior Langille, Dick O'Leary, Ken Korman, Eric Mervin, Dale Rolfe, Earl Ingvaldsen, Bill Hicks, Keith McNary and Jack Bonits. None of them is even 50 yet.

What Peter Parsons and these former

to visit childhood for 60 minutes a week.

The only solid winter sport that might be seen to be suffering is curling, and only then in a few specific areas. New members are needed in Halifax and Vancouver, but desperately sought in Montreal where the exodus of the anglophones has caused a desperate shortage of well-faced people in tartan and silky crests. Even in Winnipeg there is some difficulty in attracting new members. "I have to admit," says Hal Hooker, manager of the Granite Curling Club, "curling seems to be declining." Still, the over-all numbers are not down, it has simply become a static sport.

If there is an indoor winter sport that has not suffered, it is most definitely skating. With hockey, figure skating, bobsledding and figure skates all after the same facility, the true competition within arena walls has been over ice time. As far as figure skating in the Halifax area, the women involved are making a political issue out of it, saying that they're being treated like "second-class citizens" by being forced to practice there.

Much of the arena bottleneck has been solved by the number of outdoor rinks that have been flooded in recent years. Montreal is up to about 170 of them and Ottawa has created one 4.5 miles long on the Rideau Canal that is recognized by the Guinness Book of World Records as the world's largest ice-skating surface. Certain arrangements it is even possible to catch Flora MacDonald skating to work in a pair of men's racing skates.

In these outdoor rinks more than anywhere else winter has meant a refreshing return to nearly forgotten memories. The first season of an arena, it seems, is just as promising to a 40-year-old as it was to a 10-year-old at once. And pinched nostrils and mouths that don't work properly are again considered small prices to pay for the muffled silence of a pine forest and the dry rasp of ice. There are angels in the snow once again, larger ones, temporary proof that Canadians have indeed grown.

And there are new memories in the works. It is possible now to toboggan under night lights in Ottawa or ski in Toronto. It is possible to spend winter weekends on ranches in Alberta and farms in Nova Scotia. It is possible, but not recommended, to rent a rust bucket, elbow and knee pads, spiked shoes and sled and take a terrifying plunge down Mont Cascaides in Quebec's Gaspésie—the first such ice run in North America.

Winter, it would seem, has not only



Overkill in Ontario: angels in the snow

been forgotten, but officially embraced. The federal government and the government of British Columbia have recently committed \$50 million to turning the Rockies into an attractive winter holiday as Florida, seductively with the hope of attracting wealthy Japanese tourists as well as adventurous Canadians. Fully \$9 million will go toward upgrading the Whistler area, which is already renowned as the best.

But if the endorsement of elected officials is not convincing enough, then there is yet a higher source to approach. Next week, some 100 snowmobilers are

destined to gather on the white meadows outside of Ste-Catherine-de-Parville, a remote little village 35 miles northwest of Quebec City. They will form a circle around an open fire and melt snow in a large cauldron, and when it is melted, Carl Charles Parnishall will approach the cauldron with a branch cut from a nearby spruce. He will make the sign of the cross, dip the branch and then walk along the path—over snowmobiles of the Club de Moto-Noire du Lac St-Jovite sprinkling each cauldron with the melted holy water.

And then there will be no doubt. The season, and all its joys, will be truly blessed. ☐



## Education

# Let your fingers do the counting

At a time when traditionalists are clamoring on the grave of the new math and demanding a return to basics, enter Chinsabop, a Korean word meaning finger counting, which is enjoying a moment so phenomenal that even the hottest teachers are slinging its praises.

The system was invented 30 years ago by Korean mathematician Sung Jin Pai, an authority on the use of the abacus, and was introduced to North America two years ago by his son Heng Young Pai. It leapt into prominence when young students weaned on the system appeared on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show last summer and, using only fingers, beat a calculator-wielding Carson every time with any problem he set.

The program was flooded with phone calls from parents and educators demanding to know more. Hal began arriving at Chinsabop Enterprises Inc. at the rate of 6,000 letters a day.

Still, hundreds of educators decided to look twice before leaping and getting burned by yet another newfangled, one-all. One was Margaret Froese of Winnipeg's Shawagawag Park School, who has been teaching for 18 years and has seen many new ideas arrive, fail and wither. Last summer, however, she drove to Dallas, Texas, at her own expense and took a \$135 Chinsabop workshop. For the past two months she has been teaching the method to 34 youngsters in Grades 1 to 3.

"It's absolutely phenomenal and I think it's going to be a breakthrough in education if it's followed properly and not bastardized by teachers taking shortcuts," she says. "Children who had trouble adding simple digits before are now adding columns of multi-digit figures in 10 seconds. They enjoy it so much that they demand homework and some are teaching their parents."

With Chinsabop, the fingers are used

to count to 99, with larger numbers being carried over by memory or written down. On the right hand the thumb stands for one unit with a place value of five, while each finger represents an additional unit. On the left hand, the thumb stands for 10, with each finger representing 10. Children count and calculate by placing appropriate fingers lightly on the table surface, lifting them when not in use. Dexterity is soon gained and seeing a group of children in action, their fingers poised or quickly fluttering along the edge of a table is something the observing a cross between playing with invisible games and a proper science gathering.

"It's much more personal than using beads or poplite sticks and gives them a concrete grasp as well as a visual cue of what's happening," Mrs. Froese says. "The important thing is to follow the system exactly as laid down by Mr. Pai." She says the system is designed so that most children will stop using fingers by Grade 5 or 6. "Some articles I've seen in the Eastern press suggest that children after those grades get bored using manual methods and continue calculating in their heads."

Toronto's North York school system has also been using the system in a trial basis. Mel Goldfarb, an elementary-math consultant in North York, says Chinsabop can produce spectacular results, but equally important, it's a fun. Such constrained praise of Chinsabop is inevitably leading the way to ask where the catch lies. The literature sent out by Chinsabop Enterprises Inc. is conspicuously lacking in hype. Pai Jin doesn't insist that teachers using the system be trained in his own workshops rather than be self-taught, possibly causing U.S. imitators have already surfaced while in Toronto Susan Silverberg, a retired teacher, has started a private school to teach finger math.

"I honestly can't find any faults in the system," it's taught the way it's supposed to be," says Margaret Froese. "I can use it being of great use to the handicapped child as well as the normal one." As Winnipeg and Toronto school administrators began the task of evaluating preliminary results, along with their counterparts in Mexico and across the U.S. (the entire state of Texas is involved in field-testing the system), those sold on it will anxiously and impatiently, convinced that a breakthrough in basic math teaching lies fitfully in their fingertips. Heng Young Pai has no such bias. He says, Chinsabop will be "diffused through the world."

Peter Carlyle-Gardie

## Rollin': stereo for the feet

In California, where life aspires to the texture of a ripe avocado, some people have even taken the ramps and bumps out of walking, no more flat-footed, dotted-line locomotion, leapt into roller skates, the day is an ascending Möbius strip, an eight-wheel glide that turns the pedestrian into a human gyroscope, with the top down all the way. "Having wheels," after all, is the age-old teen dream, and on the U.S. West Coast there are now numbers on roller skates who wheel their babies in strollers, and, in hilly San Francisco, roller-commuters. "There are some people here," says San Francisco TV producer Skip Blumberg, "who just wear skates."

Roller skates have come a long way from the clumsy, clank-on noisy tops invented by a Belgian, Joseph Merle, in 1780. With the new polyurethane wheels, wider and quieter than the old wheels (in development borrowed from skateboards) sometimes attached to "jump-start" plates that take the shock out of leaps like a suspension rod, the roller skate, for the connoisseur, is now a set of components: boots, plates and wheels that come in jolly colors. The whole outfit can cost anywhere from \$50 to \$100, and customized, up to \$1,000. It's like stereo for the feet, and from the boardwalks of Venice, California, roller-skating has spread to New York, where roller-dance is raging, and now it's beginning to make its well-behaved body in Canadian rinks too. One out of three records played at Toronto's Terrace rink is allowed to be "upbeat," and when the 25 plays *The Flock*, the pulse of the rink beats merrily.

In North Vancouver, a rumored hall weeks over the Standard rink seven nights a week, and in Winnipeg, the last of three new teen-oriented skating centers has just opened. The new Saint's McRipps Roller Skating Centre is owned by three Canadian partners and Peter Ben, an advertising executive from St. Paul, Minnesota, who believes in roller rinks. "If you're 14 and don't play hockey, up till now there hasn't

been much to do," he says. Also enthusiastic 14 to 35 new Saint's rinks in the next few years, with needed expansion in Canada. In the past five years, membership in the Roller Skating Rink Operators of America organization has grown from 500 to over 1,600.

"Plates are the most important part of the skate," says Rossella Senti, a tall, black, New York roller skater who performs on "roller-dance" nights, Tuesdays, at Studio 54's croonies competition, Zena. "They're like the body of a car." Rossella has been skating for 10 years,



one of the vainglorious of roller skaters who work out of Good Skates, a shop in Central Park that rents to the growing legion of Sunday skaters that roll past the numbers in the park. The new wheels are good for skating indoors at outside.

"The old, open-bearing plastic wheels gave you sloppy action," says Neil Hardy, lord of the rinks in Vancouver. "The wheels wouldn't grip the floor well. The difference between the old wheels and the new ones is like getting off a backwater dirt road and driving down a newly paved highway." Hardy isn't the wave moving north. "We're on the brink," he says. "It always takes about two years for something that starts in L.A. to get across the border. Hardy, who runs the three major rinks in the Vancouver area, is quick to distinguish his outlets from the old "fat wedge" of the roller arena as a hangout for hoodlums on wheels. "Our places have carpeted lobbies, and \$20,000 sound systems," says Hardy. "We don't like to call them roller rinks anymore. We call them skating centres."

In New York, roller-dance moved up from its origins in Brooklyn rinks like the Empire Roller-dance, where skaters, mostly black, have taken dance to the third power dancing on wheels at 20 mph. Watching the 400 skaters wheel around the rink on a Saturday night in off-off years or a smattering of high-fashion apparel, the motion has the

three-part fascination of a midway ride that spins, scintillates and slowly revolves on three tiers above. Every skater is a drummer, with the feet keeping the bass line rolling, and the body tacking the rhythms. On Lexington Ave in Manhattan, a teen-age skater roller skates women in and out of the stream of yellow cabs. He makes good time, too.

"Roller-skating keeps you loose, relaxed and fit," says Butch Ford, who works in Macy's new fourth-floor Roller Dance Shop, and plans a spring trip on roller skates right across America, playing the guitar. Looking fairly loose and relaxed is a real harvest and following red nylon pants, Butch sells skates and the bright, tight, gold-banded roller fashion: tartanous Spandex pants, fashion tops, bumblebee stripes. However, it's mostly the new concepts, slowly wiggling around the rink backward, who enjoy the roller fashions, veteran skaters, saving great slow 7s through the crowds as they wheel around the rink, don't wear their fancy toys, they skate it. "It's like flying," says Marion Green, who teaches skating, at \$10 an hour, at the Village Roller Rink. "All you have to do is get into the skate and you're part of the crowd. Roller-skating is a very communal thing. You can skate alone, with a partner, or in a line. I think there is a skate spirit, and it's peaceful and friendly." It's true, roller skaters and skateboarders are an uneasy mix ("it's sort of weird to see people at Xena's rolling around with drinks in their hands," says Green). Even the dance rinks are painfully wholesome. Roller-skating, after all, has long been about teen-agers do to while away the years before reaching the drinking age, now, paled solids are also discovering that on eight wheels, you feel taller, another, and infinitely cool—the rolling formula of a double south, with the added allure of being better for you.

The Saint's chain of roller-skating centres may be the start of something



big in Canada. Thunder Bay teen-agers (possibly each of the night of cross-country) hooked to their new Saint's rink, and Saint's centres have opened in Fort Frances and Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, with others under construction in Brantford, Moncton, Edmonton and St. Catharines, Ont. For a low admission price that usually includes skate rental, it's something the whole family can do—which is much easier said than done these days.

At the Terrace rink in Toronto, Marcel Chelst, aka "Rubberlegs," runs a dagger south through the Saturday night skaters. In a short burst of "rhythm skating" (frowned on by the management) his feet engage in a mysterious wrestling match, tumbling around each other like rocks in a dryer. His skates seem to move monochordally, but he's moving fast.



"I fast," says Marcel, who has been skating at the Terrace for 12 years, wearing his black Ontario 200 skates with the tongue cut out and holes punched in the sides for ventilation. "I don't drink or take drugs or anything like that. That's my pastime. It's company." I love the appeal of New York roller-dance is that increasingly exotic quality, *innocence*.

At the Terrace, they still clear the floor for waltz numbers. The lights turn blue and low, the DJ drops the needle on the Pretorius, and the couples—fat with soft, teen-agers with nose sticking out of their back pockets paired with grandmothers in pink skating skirts—away by like dreams. The waltzers never seem to fall, or fight. It's a better world on roller skates, apparently. While it may have the detestable connotations of all things Californian, for Canadians buried in scores and muffs and five-pound winter boots, roller-skating is one way to feel light and free in the winter.

Marcel Chelst

"Good Skates" Butch Ford, Joe Jackson meeting at Central Park, New York City: a skater split—peaceful and trendy

# Deadly dirt that defies disposal

For decades, Regina residents have lived in an uneasy peace with the bearing, shifting use of clay pipes which their city is built. Broken water mains, cracked basements and sandy other structural calamities have become accepted, if uncomfortable, consequences of geological reality. Ironically, the Regina populace may have good reason to celebrate the situation, after all. Saskatchewan environment officials contend that the country's largest known spill of deadly polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) took place more than two years ago at a local transformer manufacturing plant owned by Federal Pioneer Ltd.

The leakage of approximately 1,500 gallons of PCB through an underground pipe was not made public at the time, according to provincial Environment Minister Neil Spence, because it posed no danger to the public. Instead, the company quietly agreed to a government request to pump the 125- by 96-foot area in order to prevent water from seeping

into the ground and carrying the toxic chemical downward. Because of the largely impervious nature of the underlying clay, say environment officials, the PCBs have advanced downward only two-thirds of an inch into the clay and will take "thousands of years" to reach city water sources 90 feet below.

Despite promises to remove the estimated 1,000 tons of contaminated earth, the potes-and-soil will remain where it is. The reason—whereas in Canada is there a landfill site secure enough to dispose of PCB-contaminated solid wastes or a licensed incinerator capable of destroying liquid PCBs. The chemicals—banned by scientists to cause liver damage and birth defects—are considered "virtually indestructible" in nature. Worse, unless federal authorities succeed in last-minute attempts to cut Canada exempted, a long-promised U.S. ban on the importation of PCB wastes for disposal in that country will leave us to sleep alone in our own chemical garbage as of Jan. 1, 1979.



Photo by [illegible]

According to Environment Canada estimates there are 16,120 tons of PCBs currently in use throughout Canada, mainly as a liquid coolant in electrical transformers and capacitors. Of this total, 9,200 tons are in Ontario (Gordon Evans, general manager of Canadian Waste Management for D & D Group of Southville, Ontario, says these PCBs could produce up to 2½ times their volume in solid wastes as well. Although efforts have been made to locate another 4,700 tons believed to be in storage, federal contamination-control branch director Dr. Jan Brydon says 10 per cent are still unaccounted for.

Recent chlorine spills resulting from improper handling are far more common than that, pointing out. During the past few years, his employer has sent clean-up crews to about 20 spill sites in various provinces. "And we know of lots and lots of incidents that don't get reported," he adds. "Private companies will tell us things they will not tell the government." D & D Disposal Services President T. W. (Rory) Drew says many commercial carriers are now refusing to accept PCBs. "We've had to decontaminate 12 carriers so far, and each time it costs between \$5,000 and \$11,000." Jacques Rivet, vice-president of Tricel Limited, agrees; rigs are more trouble than they're worth. "We don't touch them," states Rivet.

To emphasize the frequency of PCB spills, Evans reports that drums containing soil from the Federal Pioneer site were leaking PCBs when they arrived in Ontario on route to disposal in New York state in July, 1977. Moreover, Ontario's labor ministry was recently forced to create a special three-man PCB inspection unit when a survey showed PCBs seeping from six out of 10 transformers and capacitors. "What we have now is control by disaster," says Evans. "And we don't know if a God damned thing being done to change it."

To be fair, Environment Canada officials are now developing mandatory handling standards for PCBs, and will ultimately phase them out entirely. The rub, of course, is that the dilemma of where to dump PCB waste is unresolved. "I think they pinned all their hopes on the border slaying open," says Ontario Liberal leader Dr. Stuart Smith of Ontario Environment authorities. He attributes the province's failure to act as an appropriate disposal site to a "lack of openness" in explaining the facts to affected communities. "We either have our own hazardous waste disposal sites or hazardous waste disaster," warns Drew. Evans, who refers to the Regina area as "closing the door after the horse has fled," predicts "That's one that's going to come back on us eventually. You can't be sure."

Judy Dobbie

## The good, the bad, the ugly and all else the tube did to us in 1978

By William Casselman

**BEST TV PROGRAM OF THE YEAR**  
Horizon Centre, C.I.B.A. (1981) Not, alas, originally made for TV, Barbara Koppke's account, stained with tears and blood, of a coal miner's strike in Kentucky. Even Canadians west of coast's greedy employer M. Parrot could share the pain and eloquence of an authentic labor grievance.

**THE FILM MADE THE THEATRE DEAD**  
THE PLAYERS MADE THE THEATRE DEAD. THE PLAYERS MADE THE THEATRE DEAD. THE PLAYERS MADE THE THEATRE DEAD.

**TO CANADA AM** The newscaster, Wally (Wayne) MacIn, made his last role in newly discovered William Inge play *The Tempest* at the Royal of the Show.

**THE PLAYERS MADE THE THEATRE DEAD**  
Andrew Price as seventh TV actor on WBS telling visitors why networks have turned down "We can't let the public in, they'd tear us all to bits, the kind of crap we put on the air."

**THE PLAYERS MADE THE THEATRE DEAD**  
Jack Webster, at 60, brings obscure competitor to the talk-show format.



Mary Lou Frawley

**WATER IS NOT ONLY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA**  
Charges that, CTV.

**BEAT NEW CANADIAN PROGRAM**  
CTV's *Love & Ugly* sharp but affable, says we'll all get through '79.

**"AS MAN OF THE YEAR, I PROMISE ..."**  
To J. Johnson, D.I.A.

**WHAT IS IT, DOCTORS, WHEN YOU DREAM OF FUTURE**  
FUTURE TELLING WITH THE NEW-BALANCE MACHINE?

THAT'S OKAY, DISCOVERY PARKER AND THE SAME THING ABOUT CALVIN COOLIDGE

**DELIGHTFUL PERFORMANCES OF THE YEAR**  
Linda Kealey, the female reporter on *Love & Ugly* liberated doesn't have to mean dogmatism. John Evans, young Canadian actor in *A Gift to You*, gets



Linda Kealey

better with every TV role; Hans Garna, cheery interviewer waited on *Take 20* give her more, CBC. Quix Caranza, youngest girl on *Family*, gives preschool kids are fun, Gail Scott on *Canada AM* makes making up informed a pleasure, Mary Lou Frawley, of *Love & Ugly* he still my hearing hand.

**THE PLAYERS MADE THE THEATRE DEAD**  
FROM CIBC'S TORONTO FIRM, STAFF

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FROM CIBC'S TORONTO FIRM, STAFF



LONG TIE BEING A TIE TO THE EYE OF THE MAN

**THE PLAYERS MADE THE THEATRE DEAD**  
FROM CIBC'S TORONTO FIRM, STAFF

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## Books

# Art in part for the marketplace's sake

Art books are the must-haves of the marketplace—their literal size, the large price tag discreetly printed in pencil at the conspicuous top corner of the first glossy page, the expense of their production. A successful art book makes a tacit-order between the art and its popular appeal: how to persuade people to lay out \$50 on a book that won't even fit comfortably on the shelf. Publishers usually gamble on an art book only when they're feeling their oats and this season were Canadian publishers that ever took a stab at the delicate balance

Cotnam, for example, Peter Miller's lavish *Landmarks of Canadian Art* (McClelland & Stewart, \$36). Behind that theatrical black and gilt-lettered dust jacket is a portfolio of 116 splendid reproductions of Canadian art objects, each one chosen by "a select board of distinguished experts"—meaning, some of the country's biggest academics and art bureaucrats. It's as sleek and glamorous as can be, but it doesn't add up to much if anything, it's a tribute to the bankrupt, middle-brow notion that a country's artistic accomplishment consists of its masterpieces. This tellingly

Greg Curnill's media role, *For Ben Belie* (1994): knowing what they like.

scholarly approach leaves out the complex dialogue of artists with inflation, models and materials and the shifting political scenes in which they have worked. All that's holding this book together is the striking, but that's quickly remedied out on the gorgeous plates with an X-Axis leaf, and get them up on fridge or cottage wall. For such destinies were books like this designed.

At the opposite end of the spectrum is Terry Fenton's and Karen Wilkin's *Modern Painting in Canada* (Harcourt, \$35.95), an engaging essay housed in a dowdy book, printed on the cheap. Its plates are bland and murky and reproduce too many second-rate canvases, but its point is what counts: that 20th-century painting in Canada can best be understood in the context of "Canada's search for her elusive identity."

As though trying to compensate for the sparseness of big art books like *Landmarks*, Fenton and Wilkin line up their artists like *roms*, interrogate each, then search them off to the appropriate ideological camp: nationalist, internationalist, or other. (Troublemakers Emily Carr and David Milne are put into a camp all their own.) Surprisingly, most of the time this representation works, the Group of Seven and Montreal painters of the '50s, especially, are illuminated. If the authors' real weakness occasionally shows on the occasion, their argument is compelling and always provocative. Despite its over-all homeliness, this book is an ambitious attempt to put it all together.

There's only one reason to mention Greg Robert's *Landscape* (Gage, \$45): the long, venerable essay that runs the length of its 294 pages. Like some visionary archeologist, Robert digs through the paintings of the eminent Quebec artist to find the man and, through him, the age he inhabits. The result is biography, psychoanalysis, history and meta-history, rhetoric and penetrating thought—a complicated text waver in style to contemporary French literary criticism (e.g., Roland Barthes) than to standard Canadian art writing. In order to read the essay, however, one must endure the book. The few colored plates of Robert's haunted landscapes and spiritually haggard portraits are bleak, and it's been stressed with doses of small, wretched black-and-white reproductions, most as mere distractions than ink smudges.

No such disappointment awaits the reader of Paul Dana's homage to J. E. H. MacDonald, *The Temple of the Gods* (Circulus/Picture-Hall, \$65.00). The author's thoughtful biography is set among radiant plates of MacDonald's

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mountains and forests, each page a testimony to the artist's creative fusion of nature and art discipline. The book is a sensual delight, a fine example of the designer's art—just what MacDonell, a commercial designer, would have liked. Unlike MacDonell, Sam Barondes spent most of his life beyond the pale of mainstream. Camille and art, a visionist William S. Burroughs and Leo Rosabianchi.

## Best, worst and others of 1978

By Barbara Arnold

Once more we say goodbye to one more year of human folly and, appreciatively, provide readers with a list of worst and best of books. I measure the goodness, however, that (a) the books selected are probably not the best and worst printed last year, but among the best and worst of those it happened to encounter, and (b) the books related are the best and worst within their respective genres, which of course range from the lightest of fantasies to the weightiest of belles lettres.

Still, certain trends stood out. American fiction decried with a unanimous but approved disavowal during the past few years of the Philip Roth school of winning American fiction (from Gunter Grass to Iris Murdoch) seemed exhausted, as if the Old World had little new left to say, and little money to say it. For Canadian fiction it was a year of redundancy: one noticeable novel comprised with the reminiscences of authors' immigrant parents (especially ones who had lived near the Deserter River) preening hobbies like making dolls or with books bearing a strong resemblance to political science textbooks. Only Canadian poetry showed the real creative strength of our artists. Publishers seized a good cash crop in masculinity and featured bald writers talking about how to deal with men who wouldn't go to bed with them, even (and apparently, rarely) men who would, as well as a crop of books designed to weed off all boys that might inhibit that singular Whitehorse Man from Sexmistry talking you there. But who can resist making a list after having been soothed through so much of *Druck*? With such publications, fortified by swallowing lies, sighs and my integrity, here are my nominations.

### BEST OF THE YEAR

*Shards of John Cheever*, Shards by Isaac Bashevis Singer, at Ontario Mosaic by Barbara Tushnet, At nightfall by Sylvia Plath, *Lebenswelt*, The Revolution of Waver by

authors of Sam Barondes (McMillan) & Stewart, \$30, large to reify. Though sometimes startlingly evocative, his paintings are often messy or sentimentally romantic, and too often display the self-taught artist's tenderness to imitate rather than invent. It is unlikely that this one-volume monode for rehabilitation will make many converts. The long account of the Mastered

Chen Jobst; The Coup by John Updike; The World According to Garp by John Irving; Two-Wheel Power by Margaret Levant; Bone Ashes by Al Ford.



Worst of the Year

In fact, the following books are probably not the worst. Most "worst" books received no attention whatsoever and I certainly don't intend to give them any. Following are the books that received marks, and in my mind, undeserved attention. *Jadeite* by Anita van Mark. This winner of the McClelland & Stewart \$20,000 first-novel contest leaves no doubt entered in describing how a young woman deals with the experience of being a secretary and receiving a sports car from her male boss (or having an affair with him, which she may have had anyway). She gets her revenge, however, by contracting a whole bunch of boy jobs (a case of the saddest acts of symbolism ever to date as she is contrived writing from the University of Alberta). A *Conrad* Affair by Sylvia Fraser. Professor by George Rodwansky. *They Leave* Are Presided by Mark Olson. The Women's Age by Dorothy Livingston. *Blind* by Amos Oz. *Blind* by Susan Sontag. (His Sontag's valiant attempt to save the good name of cancer by conjuring it undeniably with hubbub plague). The whole business of American books telling us how to cope with the everyday acts of life such as *Wendell*, *How to Present Them*, *How to Enter Them* by Linda Livingston and Constance Schwab, and other goobies on how to cope with thing children or cleaning up's teeth. I suspect books that deal with specific skills, i.e., how to juggle jugs, fix your car/bare (if you have one), or pick a lock.

painter's hard knocks is affecting, but it doesn't make his more puffy pictures look any better. And an appreciation of his best paintings—those vigorous landscapes and portraits— isn't helped by Rosabianchi's insistent promotion of the bad ones.

At least this is a well-measuring, mostly made book—more than can be said for the world's biggest flop, Halbert de Santana's *Daddy* (Jasper of Sport) (Aberley House, \$29.95). This ugly little book—which comes with a check of 11-100 suitable for framing—opens impressively with a history of the Olympic (complete with quotes in Greek), and goes on to chart the American rediscovery of the body. The point being that *Daddy's* place in the history of art is among the portraits of he-men, not among those fancy-pants artists interested in materials and structures.

To give *Daddy* a second chance, I must say I had no patience of mankind, totally amoral people do capture the athlete mystique. There's no self-consciousness or worrying about ordinary things in those that before they jump and run and dive in through the situation depended on it. The photos must make a nice present for your kid brother, the budding lucky star of their women's packaged with such a grumpy protection book. The way it works at *Daddy's* critics and promotes him as Canada's Michelangelo is enough to give art a bad name in the locker rooms of the nation.

John Bentley Weiss

## Traipsing into the Third World

by John Updike  
(Macmillan House, \$11.75)

It must have been inevitable. The New England author with the exquisite, tamed ear and remorseless eye, under the hot African sun at a metropolitan personal's conference in Lagos, Nigeria, and Western runners all merge into one and jockey for control of the New African Man. It was in 1975 that a Fairbridge Fellowship sent John Updike to Africa and it is probably not coincidental that his new novel, *The Coup*, is set in 1973 in the fictional African country of Kook. It is a book of sheer high-brow brilliance, an exposure to Jewish-American penitence like critic Alfred Kazin who in the past, drawing apparently on some divinely given impulses as suffering, have assumed that John Updike is knowing nothing about "situations that in life bring terror to the human heart." It is a book that, although set in Africa and totally concerning in its exploration of the new

Third World, illustrates perhaps even better than any of Updike's previous near American novels (*Bellevue*, *Woe*, *Rock*, *A Book*, *Mary Mag*, *Captain*, etc.) the weakness of American man and the dubious nature of some American values.

The story is told by Colonel Halston Pitts Ellilike, the stout-to-be-deposed dictator of a former French colony now called Kook, a country ravaged by drought, killed by superstitions, coated with bubble gum and the stern admonitions of the Koran to cover any awkward situations. The American-educated Ellilike despises American good as America (feeling free to stir life of Americans) deal along with the unfortunate American administration and he attempts to arouse his people with a modified Marxism embraced by the bourgeoisie (three or it is four wives plus condoms?) of Kook. He ends as a banner of political power, his over-riding point a slave to his love of young, old, white, black, shiny or pink female skin. He is suspicious of the Bas-

John Updike is a heart of light



was and despising of his own people. His power is sustained no less as he has two bodyguards and a mistress (who is married in a Moroccan town, ready to appear and surely his authority whenever Ellilike—who draws inspiration from appearing disguised as a common man among his people—discovers that the common man is not just requires the common people. When the Moroccan defects, Ellilike is deposed.

Updike's best moments are in the Basque France of the people a curious mixture of the elegance of Arabic and crude Americans. On asking for a soda in a dingy village, the druggist replies to Ellilike, "A machine that sells cans of soft drinks runs in the rear of the store, next to the rack of plastic bags holding consumer party bags. Take care, my friend, not to drop the pull-tab, nor remove, back into the rack. Several customers of mine have choked to death as that manner. We call it the Death of the Last Drop."

It is an old tradition. By putting a bowler hat or a cap—in the photo with a naked scene, one can examine one's own sinners at the bottom. They stand out in both their essential about-dread and strength. If there is a caveat in this book, it may simply be that the richness of Updike's style is a little too much for all readers. In two essential traditions of American writing—the spare simplicity of Hemingway and the baroque elaborations of Henry James, Updike stands firmly as a Jamesian. When he loses dialogue and moves to passages of description, both rich, seemingly endless in construction, Updike's prose tends to stand between reader and his work. Still, it is a small caveat. What European, one wonders, could have moved behind a description of Colonel Pitts Ellilike and his people, to enter their minds with such wit, compassion and brio? This new novel, growing up on the arid plains of old French and British Africa, revealed in all their wisdom and folly, should perhaps from now on be called *Africans* Updike. Barbara Amiel

## The plain dealer in nuggets

LETTERS FROM LALIE  
By Carol Webb at a contest  
conducted by George Burt  
(Macmillan, \$10.95)

The curious thing about the writing of *Letters from Lalie* is that John Updike continues to let George Burt take most of the credit, and the royalties, too. Updike's letters, edited and selected by Burt, have appeared in *The Globe and Mail* and more recently



In *The Toronto Star* (Lalie means a lot to the Star.)

Burt, a wise-tasting editor, entering, his hand about Lalie during the war. When he was a lumber pilot and met none other than the striped flight pilot Johnny "Bik" Scott. Before, now a tractor salesman in Lalie, which Burt edited in a sentimental manner after the war. It was there, somewhere near the first fold on the map of Saskatchewan, that he met Watkins. The two became newspapermen (Watkins is a staff member of *The Advertiser*, have corresponded ever since, although no one has seen any of Burt's correspondence. It wasn't until 13 years ago, after he had covered almost a half-century every story in the world, that Burt started drying up, as they say, and started using Watkins' letters to fill the increasing number of blank days in his own column.

The result over the years has been a refreshing departure from all the usual pompous hoarse-potus out of Ottawa. Watkins doesn't go in for heavy intellectual stuff. He writes plain sense. Burt should not go without credit, small as it must be, for collecting Watkins' letters—all of them nuggets of wit and wisdom—not to be read from cover to cover at one sitting, but cherished one at a time.

Watkins, via Burt, has consistently had the best insight into Canadian politics over the past few years. Let's hope this doesn't go to his head, but even if it did, he'd doubtless be would have *The Advertiser* and Lalie for one of the baggy city papers. The best thing Watkins could do is stay where he is—in Lalie—and keep writing letters to Burt. At least we know that Burt, for obvious reasons, will keep printing the lot. Morwen Garrett

# Skippy peanut butter will buy the Argos and — oh yes — the sky will fall in 1979

By Allan Fotheringham

It is not a confusing land at all. The future and the 30 years-and-over future leaps and bounds before us. The truths are self-evident. Bebold and you shall perceive. The upcoming 20 months await.

Brian Mulroney will announce he has an intention of re-entering federal politics.

The Toronto Argonauts, having been purchased by Skipper's peanut butter, will announce a new drive on the Grey Cup.

John Turner will reiterate that he has absolutely no interest in re-entering federal politics. The sky will fall. Minister of Small Business Tony Abbott will achieve his stated ambition to become "a rusty piece of junk." Pete Roe will be found. Neider Paster will be a featured performer at the Governor-General's first ball.

Admiral Clarkson's favorite breakfast of seaweed-over Chinese food will take over from punk rock as the new dad Pierre Trudeau, who has expressed a wish to lead a simple life in nature, will replace Brian Greene as the lead in *The Shockwaves*. Toronto Argonauts will sign Ramon Knox as head coach.

Conrad Black's Argos Corp., which owned 17 per cent of Danco of Montreal, which attempted a take-over of MacMillan Bloedel of Vancouver, which is owed 134 per cent by Ian Sinclair's Canadian Pacific empire—thereby, initiating a MacMillan Bloedel take-over of Danco followed by a Canadian Pacific bid to acquire MacMillan Bloedel—will end up with a successful takeover bid for Hamilton, Steve Stewart, New Brunswick and Charles Topley. Joe Sinclair, considering, will make a successful financial raid to acquire Prince Edward Island, Alberta, Ronald McDonald and Dennis Hilt. He deserves all of them.

Ther Williams, the hero of clean-fisted Canadian youth, will set a National Hockey League record for thuggery and a new Guinness Book of World Records mark for doing so skates a bit he would be thrown in jail for if he did

street shots. Harold Ballard will smile.

Rene Lévesque, having put a referendum before Quebec voters asking them if they are in favor of apple pie, will then confront them with a second referendum asking them the generating question of whether they are in favor of pomegranate juice. Great significance will be applied to the results of the ballots.

John Turner will bring into Winston's Restaurant one lunch hour, suffering from a nasty wound due to a protein



being thrown from the micrograph machine hidden in his basement which charts out the corporate success gleaned from dages of discarded Canadian Press speculation. Marty Pagan's Private Circus, aka the Unity Trade Firm, is the Liberal Candidates' School, will come out with its report in the final traditions of the LaDix commission on pot, by which time no one was listening on account of the fact that the participants had moved on to the stronger word. Toronto Argonauts will hire Malcolm Brinkley as their new marketing manager.

Joe who will shock the nation by deciding to take his third crack at law school and the subsequent Tory leadership convention will be fought out between David Crombie—after a crack fund-raising drive has provided him with elevator shoes—and Mulroney. When Brian Mulroney will announce that he is not interested, having been taken over by the Black-Stratton conglomerate, new owners of the North-



west Territories and Pierre Berton's biography man.

Otto Lange will continue to improve with unshakable intellect married with delapidated compassion. A spring election in British Columbia will produce a majority government. Darius McKeough will continue to jerk out Ed. Pierre Trudeau's brilliant and feeling choice of Ed Schreyer will not win the Liberals a single vote in determined-in-it's-purpose Western Canada but will lose him even more votes in a landslide, shocked Ontario province. No Liberal cabinet ministers will phone judges in 1979. Tory cabinet ministers will. Secretariat will continue to enjoy his retirement.

Fear and loathing will be unleashed among provincial premiers at the breakthrough achieved by René Lévesque in announcing that, as an example, he will no longer smoke in public. What will be the end of that admirable restraint? What if we were depressed, attacked, of the broad daylight swagging of the premier of Alberta? The admirable charisma of the premier of Prince Edward Island? The hair stylist of the premier of Nova Scotia? The inflatable maps of the personality of the premier of Ontario?

Henry Kissinger, who didn't get caught, will make \$2 million over the year through memoirs explaining why Richard Nixon, H. E. Haldeman and henchmen did get caught.

The CBC's *Canada After Dark* show will get the charitable gift of what they do to losers who break down on the backstreet. Stuart Smith, in time, will become premier of Ontario. John Roberts, the biggest disappointment in the Trudeau cabinet, will be defeated in Toronto-88. Paul's by Ron Atkin, who might today have been the Tory under instead of Joe who if he had not been defeated by John Roberts in a previous war Jack Horner will go the way of all flesh. The Liberals will realize, too late as usual, that the dumbest thing they have ever done is to prosecute The Toronto Star. Stars of their life. ☐





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